

"THE HAND OF THE MANDARIN!" Amazing Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. on Holiday.

The **MAGNET** 2^d



"ATTABOY!"

DON'T LEAVE IT TO OTHERS . . . WIN A WALLET OR A PENKNIFE FOR YOURSELF!



Come Into the Office, Boys!

Here your Editor is pleased to answer questions and discuss topics of general interest. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

The last letter I can deal with this week comes from "A Regular Magnetite," who asks for information

CONCERNING THE MERCHANT SERVICE.

This reader is eighteen years of age, and would like to go to sea when he is twenty. That is rather late in life to become an apprentice, for most boys go at about the age of sixteen. However, it is quite possible that this reader might be able to find a shipping company who will indenture him at the age of twenty. From what he tells me, he is quite tall enough, for I know some Merchant Service captains who are much shorter than my chum is!

Life in the Merchant Service is what a boy cares to make it. There is plenty of hard work to be done, and the hours are long. The food nowadays is good, and much better than it was in the old days, although, on long voyages, salt meat and preserved foods figure largely on the menu. As for adventure, well, as the old saying has it, "adventures are to the adventurous!"

What my chum must do is to write to various shipping companies, and ask if they have any vacancies for apprentices. They will then send him full particulars concerning the terms under which apprentices are taken on their ships. He can get the companies' addresses from any shipping paper, notably the "Liverpool Journal of Commerce."

Just before I "pipe down," read this clever limerick. It comes from 1592, A/T G. Thompson, Hut 17, D Company, A.T.S., Chesham, Monmouthshire, who gets a MAGNET pocket wallet for it.

Fisher Tarleton Fish of Greyfriars,
Is sure one of the world's biggest triers.
In matters of cash
He's not very rash,
Though he's often been sold by his buyers!

Now let us delve into the Black Book and see what there is in store for next week's issue:

Frank Richards is well to the fore with another real top-notch holiday yarn, entitled:

"THE TERROR OF THE TONG!"

I won't spoil your enjoyment by telling you too much about it, but when I tell you that it features all the popular characters at Greyfriars, you'll know that it is sure to be a real "corker."

"The Flying Spy" will continue to give you a lot of thrills—just the kind of thrills that old MAGNET readers themselves experienced in those days of the Great War, which now seem so far away.

And when you've been thrilled sufficiently, you can turn to the centre pages and enjoy another topping issue of the "Greyfriars Herald."

In addition to another snappy poem by the Greyfriars Rhymester, more jokes and limericks, I have arranged for a novel full page "footer" feature under the heading of "Half-Time Gossip," which should prove of real interest to all fans of the great Winter game.

Don't miss this bumper programme, chums, whatever you do.

YOUR EDITOR.

I'LL get busy, first, with some of the questions which I had to leave unanswered last week! The first one comes from W. B. B. Southwell, of Queen's Road, S.E.23, and deals with

A VERY DEEP SUBJECT.

W. B. B. wants to know what is the greatest depth to which a diver has ever been? This is 300 feet, which is as far as a diver can descend. He can only remain at such a depth for about twenty minutes, and when coming to the surface again he must break his journey occasionally as the pressure of water lessens. It would take him fully an hour and a half to ascend again from that depth.

The greatest depth at which work has been carried out on the bed of the ocean is 275 feet. This was when divers were sent down to the wreck of the American submarine F-4, which was sunk off Honolulu.

Native sponge or pearl divers, without diving suits, can dive as deep as thirty feet, but they can only remain under water for about two minutes.

Next please!

Here is a letter from V. Robinson, of Wimbledon. He wants to know—

SOMETHING ABOUT THE R100.

She is 700 feet in length, and is fitted with six engines of 4,200 horse power each. Her capacity is five million cubic feet, and her lift is 152 gross tons. She is a much more powerful airship than the German Graf Zeppelin. Her "sister ship," the R 101 was launched on October 7th, 1929, and has carried out trial flights.

The same reader asks me whether hydrogen is lighter than helium. Yes, hydrogen and helium are the lightest and second lightest gases known. The density of hydrogen is 0.06947 and the density of helium is 0.1369. Helium is obtained from natural gas fields and mineral springs, and it will interest V. R. to know that there is a spring at Bath which contains helium.

EVERY now and again I get queries from readers concerning the value of certain coins, but I am sorry to say that I cannot always answer these questions, as a great deal depends on the condition of the coin, and even the slightest of differences on a coin alter the value. Coins can only be valued if they are seen by an expert, which is why I invariably tell readers to seek the advice of someone at their local museum.

This week Walter Dyson, of Hull, describes a coin to me which

SOUNDS LIKE A GUINEA.

but I should not like to say that it is. However, Walter, if the coin is made of gold I should say it is a George III guinea, but if it is not made of gold, then I am afraid it is valueless, and is only what is called a "card counter." These are used to represent money in card games, and are

replicas of old-fashioned guineas. They are also used for doing conjuring tricks, and can be purchased for a few pence a dozen.

Thanks for your good wishes and for sending along the jokes. Unfortunately, one of the jokes had already been sent in by another reader. Still, don't be downhearted. I've got plenty more prizes waiting!

Talking about jokes, here's a good one. Frank Holmes, of 23, High Street, Bideford, North Devon, has been awarded a penknife for it.



A young barrister, taking his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a railway company for killing twenty-four pigs.

"Twenty-four pigs, gentlemen," he almost shouted, in an endeavour to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury. "Twenty-four of them; twice the number in the jury box!"



R. S. of Tilbury has been having AN ARGUMENT WITH A CHUM.

the question at issue being whether the process of water-marking paper is a secret or not. I am sorry to tell R. S. that he has lost the argument. The process by which water-marks are made is universally known, and consists of a wire device, over which the paper pulp is pressed. This makes the paper thinner where the device is, and when the paper is dried, the watermark is seen. In machine-made paper a roller is pressed over the wet paper pulp, which gives a less distinct watermark. Naturally, the watermarks in paper money are made by elaborate devices, thus rendering the forging of the watermark a decidedly difficult matter.

I must thank a reader who signs himself

A HOPEFUL, CANDID CRITIC.

for his letter. By this time he will see that we are publishing a series of stories of the type for which he asks.

THE next two questions come from S. Wilson, of Fulham, who asks what is the tallest building in England? This distinction belongs to Salisbury Cathedral, the spire of which is 404 feet in height. He also asks me why some people cover up their mirrors when there is a thunderstorm. This is because some people believe that a mirror attracts lightning. Needless to say, there is no truth in this old superstition.

One of my girl readers, Miss L. R. Hopps, of Middlesbrough, asks me how many wives William the Silent had. Only two, both of whom were called Anna—Anna van Buren, and Anna of Saxony, whom he married after his first wife's death.

Now's the Time! Send along your John or your Greyfriars Limerick—or both—and win our useful prizes of leather pocket wallets and Sheffield steel penknives. All efforts to be sent to: c/o "Magnet," 5, Carnelite Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

THE HAND OF THE MANDARIN!



FRANK RICHARDS'
LATEST AND GREATEST
THRILLER.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

All Hands!

"O W!"

"Buck up, Bunter!"

"Wooh!"

"Feeling bad?"

"Ooooh-er!"

Bob Cherry chuckled and burst into song.

"Mister Captain, stop the ship,
I want to get out and walk,
O why did I eat the sausage-roll?
O why did I touch the pork?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, shut up!" moaned Billy Bunter. "I'm dying! Ow! You might let a fellow die quietly! Ow!"

There had been a sudden squall on the Mediterranean. The yacht Silver Star had ploughed on steadily through the squall. The sunny sky was overcast; the rain came down in torrents; the sea, which had looked like a shining blue lake when the yacht left Marseilles, was tossed into foam by a fierce wind.

Ferrers Locke had told Harry Wharton & Co. to remain below, and they had rather reluctantly obeyed. They were good sailors, and not much affected by the rolling and pitching of the Silver Star.

But the case was different with Billy Bunter.

Bunter lay stretched on a settee in the saloon, his eyes hollow behind his spectacles, his complexion a ghastly white with a tincture of green.

It had been perfectly calm at lunch-time, and Bunter had been full of confidence, and, naturally, full of lunch. The squall had come on suddenly, and Bunter had lost his lunch. He felt as if he were losing his life also. He lay on his back and moaned.

"Buck up, old bean!" said Harry Wharton consolingly.

"Oo-er!" moaned Bunter.

"The sea's going down already," said Bob Cherry. "Cheer up, old fat man! You'll be all right at grub time—and think what a lot of room you'll have for it!"

"Wooh-er! Ooooh!"

Bunter groaned.

"Like something to eat?" asked Johnny Bull.

Bunter shuddered.

"I'll ask the steward to get you some fat pork if you like—"

"Groooh! Beast! Ooooh!"

"I've heard of a cure for sea-sickness," said Frank Nugent. "A bit of fat bacon—"

"Wooh!"

"Tied on a string and lowered gently down the gullet—"

"Gerroooh!"

"The gratefulness of the esteemed

Ferrers Locke, the famous detective, has often been near to death, but never so near as when he undertakes the task of running to earth Tang Wang, most powerful of Chinese mandarins—assisted by the Chums of Greyfriars.

Bunter is terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"Oh dear! Ooooh!"

"Fat ole Bunter velly sickie," remarked Wan Lung. "Fat ole Bunter eatie too muchie."

"Wooh-er!" moaned Bunter.

"Well, the squall's over," said Bob Cherry. "Let's get on deck."

"I say, you fellows, don't leave me!" groaned Bunter. "D-d-don't leave me to die alone! Ow!"

"Come up with us!" said Bob cheerily. "The fresh air will pull you round."

"I can't move!" moaned Bunter. "I'm dying! It's all you fellows' fault! What did you want to start for China for? Ow! Blow China! Wow! I wish I hadn't come! Ooooh!"

"Well, you're getting off at Malta—"

"Ooooh!"

"We reach Malta in the morning—"

"Ow! I shan't live to see Malta! Wow! I—I say, you fellows, don't leave me. Wooh! I say, help me on deck if you're going! Oh! Ooh!"

"You fat duffer!" said Harry Wharton. "You'd be all right if you hadn't scoffed so much lunch."

"Beast! Ow! I ate hardly anything! Ow! Only a chicken—ow—and a few helpings of pudding—wooh! Will you help me on deck, you beasts? I think you might help a fellow, after all I've done for you."

"Oh, lend a hand, you men!" said Bob. "We'll heave him up somehow! A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together."

"Go it!"

Five pairs of hands were laid on William George Bunter. Even for five pairs of hands it was no light task to shift the fat junior. Bunter made no effort to help himself. But he was got off the settee with a combined heave, and landed on his feet. He had to be held upright, or he would have collapsed on the floor.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry. "We really want a steam derrick for this job."

"Ow! Hold me!"

"Hold on, fathead!"

"Beast!"

Bunter hung a fat arm round Bob's neck and another fat arm round Wharton's neck. They staggered under the dead weight that was thrown upon them. But Nugent and Johnny Bull and Hurree Janset Ram Singh lent their support, and little Wan Lung gave a shove. Bunter was propelled towards the saloon stairs.

The squall had ended almost as suddenly as it had started; the sun blazed out through a rift in the heavy clouds. But the sea was still running high, and the Silver Star pitched a good deal as she ploughed through the frothing waves. The stairs were at a different angle every few moments.

"Get hold of the rail!" gasped Bob. "You're choking me!"

"Ow! Hold me! Ow!"

Half-way up the steps, a lurch of the yacht sent the Famous Five and Bunter staggering against the handrail. Two

or three hands caught it and held. But Bunter preferred to keep his hold on Wharton and Bob. His fat arms clinched round their necks like the tentacles of an octopus. Bob Cherry gurgled, and Harry Wharton gasped.

"Ow! Ease off, you fathead!"

"You're chok-chok-choking me!"

"I—I say, you fellows! Hold me! D-d-don't let me fall! Ow! I believe you want me to fall, you beasts! Yarooooogh!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Shove away, you men!"

"Put your beef into it!"

"Oh, my hat!"

With the yacht pitching, the stairs awaying about, and Bunter's terrific weight hanging on them, the Famous Five found their ascent to the deck far from easy. They struggled on, heaving Bunter up step by step. Bob, on the point of suffocation, tore Bunter's clasping arm from his neck and jammed the fat hand on the brass rail.

"There, you fat dummy!" he gasped.

"Hold on to that!"

"Ow! Beast! Oh dear!"

Bunter clutched the rail and held on. The Famous Five gave another heave, and he went up another step.

Then the Silver Star gave another heavy pitch and there was a howl from Bunter as he released his hold on the handrail.

"Ow! Help!"

"Oh crumbs! Hold on!"

"Oh scissors!"

Bunter flew! But he did not fly alone! He clutched at the juniors wildly to save himself. He got a vice-like grip on Bob Cherry's shock of hair and held on for his life. Down the steps went Bunter, and after him went Bob, held tenaciously by the hair.

"Ow! save me! Yarooooogh!"

"Whooooop!" roared Bob.

Bump! bump! bump!

"Oh! Ow! Oh! Whoop!"

Bunter and Bob landed together at the bottom of the stair. The other fellows clung wildly to the rail and to one another.

"Ow! I'm killed!" yelled Bunter. "Help! I've broken my neck! Yooop! I say, you fellows—yarooooogh!"

"Leggo!" shrieked Bob, frantically. "You're pulling my hair out by the roots—yow—ow—ow! Leggo!"

"Oh dear! Ow! Help!" gasped Bunter. "Wharrer you punching me for, you beast! Ow! Wow! Stoppit! Yooooop! Help!"

Bob Cherry tore himself loose. He rubbed his head with one hand and brandished the other, clenched, at Bunter's fat face.

"You fat maniac!" he bawled.

"Oh, really, Cherry—ow!"

"I've a jolly good mind——"

"Ow! Beast! Help me up! Lend me a hand! Ow!"

"Go and eat coke!"

Bob Cherry scrambled up the stairs. He scrambled on deck with the rest of the Co. They had had enough of helping Bunter.

Bunter sat up and roared.

"Ow! I say, you fellows! Help! I'm dying! Ow!"

And the chums of the Greyfriars Remove, leaving him to die, went on deck.

A red sunset flared through rifts in the shadowy clouds. The rain had ceased and the wind had dropped. But the sea still heaved in great billows round the gliding yacht.

It was not easy to keep a footing on the reeling deck. But the chums of Greyfriars were glad to be in the fresh air again.

Far away to the left, mountains loomed through the clouds. But all the rest was sea and sky.

"That's Sicily, I suppose," said Harry Wharton, "and Africa's somewhere away there to the right——"

"To the starboard!" grinned Bob. "Sicily's on the larboard, otherwise called port; and Malta's dead ahead. Can't see it though."

"Locke's looking at something," said Nugent.

Ferrers Locke was standing with the binoculars to his eyes staring away across the tumbling sea.

The juniors looked in the same direction, wondering whether the hills of Malta were in sight. Malta, however, was still a good way ahead, and Locke did not expect to enter the harbour of La Valetta till the morning.

"I can make out something," said Bob, staring hard. "Looks like a log—no, a boat; I fancy it's a boat."

"Fishing-boat, perhaps blown out to sea in the squall," said Harry. "They're lucky not to have gone down."

"We're heading for it," said Johnny Bull.

The juniors looked inquiringly at Ferrers Locke as the Baker Street detective lowered the glasses. He spoke to Mr. Green, the mate of the Silver Star, and then his eyes turned on the Co.

He gave them a nod and a smile.

"Feeling none the worse for the blow?" he asked.

"Not a scrap," said Bob. "Bunter's seasick, of course. He took on too much cargo at lunch. But we're as right as rain. Is that a wreck you were looking at, sir?"

"A boat in distress," answered Locke. "They are making signals for help. We must give them help."

"Yes, rather," said Bob. "I suppose they've had trouble in the storm."

Locke nodded.

"It is a Maltese felucca," he said. "The masts are gone; and I can see only one man on board. They must have been caught in the squall. We are bound to render help; though I am loath to lose time. We cannot leave the poor fellow to his fate."

"Of course not," said Harry.

"Fortunately, we have not to run far out of our course," said Locke.

He turned away, and the juniors continued to watch the floating object on the tumbling waves. As the yacht drew nearer, they made it out more clearly.

It was little more than a hulk, rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea.

What sort of a rig it had been the juniors could not have told, for the masts were gone; and what remained of the spars and rigging lay in a tangle about the deck, or sprawled over the side in the sea. But Ferrers Locke had said that it was a felucca, though hardly a rag remained of the big lateen sails it had carried.

Only one man was to be seen on the deck. He was clinging to the stump of a mast, and waving a rag of sailcloth almost frantically in the air as a signal for help.

His face was dark, the eyes intensely black, and a red handkerchief was tied round his head in place of a hat. The

juniors could see that he was a Maltese or an Italian.

From the movements of his lips, it could be seen that he was shouting; though as yet his voice did not reach the yacht, or was drowned by the throbbing of the engines.

Ferrers Locke's lips were a little compressed as the Silver Star bore down on the dismantled felucca.

The Greyfriars party were still on the first lap of the long journey to China; and Locke was anxious to lose no time.

Far away in the Flowery Land, Mr. Wun Chung Lung was expecting his son, Wun Lung of the Greyfriars Remove—knowing that his steps were dogged by deadly enemies on his homeward journey.

And Ferrers Locke knew, even more clearly than did the merchant in far off Canton, how pressing was the peril.

In the journey across France the Greyfriars party had been dogged by the spies of the Mandarin Tang Wang, and in the harbour at Marseilles an attempt on Wun Lung's life had only been baffled by the prompt watchfulness of the Baker Street detective.

That other foes were watching and waiting to carry out the orders of the "tong," of which Tang Wang was chief, Locke had no doubt. And he did not want to lose even an hour if he could help it.

But a skipper's first duty, at sea, was to help seamen in distress; and Locke, of course, did not even think of passing the wrecked felucca unheeded.

Closer and closer the yacht drew to the dismantled wreck. It was dangerous to approach near in the tossing sea, and a boat could hardly have lived in the heaving, foaming waters, lately lashed to fury by the violence of the squall.

The voice of the man on the wreck could be heard now, shouting in a language the juniors did not understand. But Ferrers Locke shouted back in the same tongue.

The Maltese ceased to wave his signal. Ferrers Locke stood with a coil of rope in his hand, his eyes on the rolling, pitching felucca.

"Half-speed, Green," he called out.

"Ay, ay, sir."

The mate signalled to the engine-room.

Locke shouted again to the Maltese. The dark-skinned seaman made a sign that he understood.

"Locke's pitching it to him in Italian," said Bob Cherry. "Do they speak Italian in Malta, you men?"

"Italian's the official language there," said Harry. "But I believe the people speak a Maltese dialect. Blessed if I know which Locke is speaking in."

"We don't get either at Greyfriars," grinned Bob. "But come to think of it, Italian would be rather more useful to a chap than Latin. We may run across a lot of Italians; but we're not at all likely to meet Julius Caesar or Cicero or jolly old Brutus. I think I'll mention that to Quelch next term."

"Look!"

"Bravo!"

As the yacht glided by the wreck, Ferrers Locke tossed the rope, and it uncoiled and dropped fairly on the man on the felucca.

He grasped it instantly, and plunged into the sea.

"That sportsman's got some nerve!" said Bob. "He was right on the giddy wicket. Lend a hand, you men."

The juniors rushed to lend aid with the rope. In a few moments the dripping, panting man was dragged on board the yacht.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Wrecked Felucca!

"WHAT-NO, she bumps!" murmured Bob Cherry, as he slid on a slanting deck, brought up against the rail, and held on.

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He dropped on the deck in a pool of water, gasping and spluttering. But he was on his feet in a moment or two. It was plain that he had been through a terrible experience; but he was hardy and sinewy, and did not seem exhausted. He bowed gracefully to Ferrers Locke, his keen black eyes roving over the juniors; resting for a second on the yellow skin and slanting eyes of little Wun Lung.

"Grazie tanto, signore!" he said. "Ah, grazie, grazie."

"You do not speak English?" asked Locke.

The Maltese shook his head.

"No, signore! Parlo Italiano."

The fat junior was feeling better now; perhaps the loss of his lunch had done him good. And the fresh sea wind helped to revive him.

He arrived in time to see the Maltese taken away by the steward. Bunter blinked after him as he went.

"I say, you fellows, who's that?" he asked.

"Ask me another," answered Bob.

"How did he get on the yacht?" asked Bunter, puzzled. "We haven't stopped anywhere."

Bob pointed to the wreck of the felucca, sinking out of sight in the wild waters astern.

"Oh!" said Bunter. "A wreck!"

"Giuseppe Sasso," said Bob. "They have pretty names in Italian."

"It would sound rather less musical in English—Joseph Stone!" said Locke, with a laugh. "However, his name is Giuseppe Sasso; and he was captain, or rather patrono, of that felucca, which was sailing from Malta to Sicily when she was caught in the squall and dismantled. He had a crew of four, who were all lost. The wreck would not have floated much longer, I think; and it was fortunate for Sasso that we sighted him and picked him up. As he belongs to Malta we shall be able to land him where he belongs; as we stop at Malta to-morrow to land Bunter."

"Oh, really, Mr. Locke—"

"Shut up, Bunter!" grunted Johnny Bull.

"Beast!"

"I'm jolly glad we picked him up," said Harry Wharton.

"The gladfulness is terrific."



As the yacht drew nearer, the man clinging to the stump of a mast frantically waved a rag of sailcloth as a signal for help!

"Anche io," said Locke, with a smile, and he continued to speak in that language, the juniors listening and wondering what it might mean. There was no doubt that Italian was a more useful language than Latin, outside the Form-room at Greyfriars.

After a few minutes' talk Locke called the steward, and the man was handed over to him for care. He followed Rawson; and as he went his black eyes lingered again for a moment on the face of the little Chinese.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Maltese!

"I SAY, you fellows!" "Hallo, hallo, hallo! Enjoying life, old bean?"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter had crawled on deck.

"We helped to pull him aboard," said Bob. "He's a Maltese sailor or fisherman or something."

"Just like you fellows!" said Bunter bitterly.

"Eh?"

"Leaving a fellow to crawl up those beastly stairs by himself, while you lug a beastly foreigner about."

"You fat, frabjous fathead!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Who is he, Mr. Locke?" asked Bob. "We heard what you were saying to him, of course; but Quelchby forgot to teach us any Italian at Greyfriars. I understood just one word—grazie means thanks, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Locke, with a smile.

"The man told me that he is a Maltese, his name is Giuseppe Sasso—an Italian name—"

"I say, Mr. Locke," Bunter blinked at the Baker Street detective. "I say, I've been thinking—"

"Indeed! I should not have guessed that!" said Locke gravely.

"Oh, really, you know! I say, if you'll take my advice—"

"Good advice from a really wise head is always welcome," said Locke, with the same gravity.

Sarcasm was a sheer waste on William George Bunter.

"Well, the fact is, I know a thing or two, you know," said Bunter fatuously. "These fellows generally rely on me to get them out of scrapes at Greyfriars; most of the fellows in the Remove come to me for advice. Don't they, you chaps?"

"Not that I know of!" answered Bob.

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"Oh, really, Cherry! Well, the fact is, Mr. Locke," said Bunter, "that I advise you not to stop at Malta!"

"Indeed!"

"Suppose those Chinese beasts who watched us in France may have telegraphed to some other beasts in Malta!" suggested Bunter. "They may have a trap all waiting for you there, you see. You hadn't thought of that, of course. I'm the fellow to think of things."

"You frabjous ass——" began Nugent.

"Shut up, Nugent, when I'm giving Mr. Locke advice," chided Bunter. "You see the point, Mr. Locke?"

"Quite!"

"As for me," added Bunter, "I'm quite willing to keep on with the party. You needn't trouble about stopping at Malta on my account. It's really not necessary at all."

"Is that all?" asked Locke.

"Yes; but, of course, I'd always be glad to give you advice at any time, if you find yourself in difficulties. Two heads are better than one, you know."

"I hardly think so, if one of the two is yours, Bunter. You came on the yacht without permission, and I am landing you at the first possible place, which is Malta. So please say no more."

"He can't help it," said Bob, with a sigh. "He's wound up."

"Beast! Well, if you land me at Malta, Mr. Locke, you'll only have yourself to thank for the result," said Bunter. "Those Chinese beasts are after Wun Lung, and I've been his guardian angel so far."

"Oh clumsy!" said Wun Lung.

"He's an ungrateful little beast of a heathen," said Bunter; "but I'm willing to see him through. They'll get him sooner or later, if I'm not here to protect him. I say, Mr. Locke, don't walk away while a fellow's talking to you."

But Mr. Locke did walk away. He seemed to have had enough of William George Bunter's conversation.

Bunter gave a sniff.

"That man's a fool!" he told the juniors.

"You silly ass!"

"I say, you fellows, he seems set on putting me ashore, for some reason," said Bunter. "What about getting up a round robin?"

"What?"

"Which?"

"You all sign your names to it, you know, begging Locke to keep me with the party for your sakes. You point out that you won't feel safe, going to China, without me to protect you. Locke's bound to take notice of that. What do you think?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to chuckle at. I know I'm jolly well not going to be sent back!" growled Bunter. "Why, the new term will be beginning at Greyfriars soon. Do you think I'm going to grind Latin in the Form-room with Quelch, while you fellows are having a good time in China? No jolly fear, I'm sticking to you."

The juniors chuckled.

"You'll come unstuck at Malta," said Bob.

"Yah!"

Billy Bunter rolled away with a discontented grunt. Having landed himself on the Silver Star, Bunter had taken it for granted that he was booked for the voyage to China. Landing him at Malta, to be sent back to England, was not at all Bunter's idea of the proper programme. He was quite deter-

mined not to be sent back from Malta, if he could help it. The question was, how could he help it; and now that his internal troubles were at rest Bunter gave all his fat thoughts to the solution of that problem.

He had not found a solution, however, by the time a still more important matter cropped up to engage his attention. That was dinner.

Lessons were lost on Bunter. Regardless of the disaster that had followed lunch, the Owl of the Remove spread himself at dinner in the saloon in his usual way. The fare on board the Silver Star was good and ample; and Bunter had plenty of room for it. As usual, he started early and finished late, and the speed with which he packed away the good things was amazing.

"Go easy, old bean," said Bob Cherry, good-naturedly. "You'll have another volcanic eruption, if you're not careful."

Bunter sniffed, and paid no other heed to that kind warning. He was not sick at the present moment, and Bunter never met troubles half-way. He continued to pack away the foodstuffs.

The extent and variety of the comestibles Bunter transferred to his capacious inside might have made any other fellow feel ill, even on dry land. But Bunter—for the moment, at least—was feeling quite all right, and he packed away at a great rate. If he was going ashore at Malta in the morning, this would be his last square meal on the yacht, and Bunter had evidently made up his mind to take as much as possible of the yacht's stores away with him, packed inside.

Ferrers Locke went back to the deck after a very brief meal, leaving the juniors to finish at their leisure. Green, the mate, came down; but he did not stay long, going back to the deck. The dusky evening was deepening into a black night, and the sea was still running very high. And the yacht was in the Strait of Pantellaria now, the sea-lane between Sicily and Africa, with Malta ahead to the south. Skipper and mate both remained on deck as the darkness deepened.

Billy Bunter rolled away to his state-room after feeding. He required a little rest after his exertions.

A little later, strange and weird sounds were heard proceeding from that state-room.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There goes Bunter again!"

"The fat ass!"

"Buntos velly fat piggee!" said Wun Lung.

"The pigfulness of the esteemed fat Bunter is terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Some of the juniors went on deck. Hurree Singh and Wun Lung sat down in the saloon to play chess. Like most Chinamen, Wun Lung was a chess-player, and even the Nabob of Bhanipur found him a very tough opponent. Bob Cherry stayed to look on at the game, occasionally tendering advice to either player—advice which neither of them acted upon. Bob was great at cricket, and immense at football, but at chess either of the two Orientals could have played his head off. But, with true Oriental politeness, the nabob and Wun Lung smiled sweetly when Bob weighed in with counsel.

There was a footstep in the saloon; but the juniors did not glance up, supposing that it was the steward. But Bob suddenly caught the reflection of a dark face and black eyes in a mirror, and turned his head, to see the Maltese sailor.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he ejaculated. "Want anything, old bean?"

Giuseppe Sasso was standing near the door, his eyes on the chess-players—on one of them, at least. The expression in his black eyes startled Bob a little, though he hardly knew why.

But the Maltese, as Bob's surprised glance fixed on him, bowed and smiled, and spoke in voluble Italian.

Bob shook his head to indicate that he did not understand. The man seemed, by his tone and gestures, to be apologising for his intrusion, and he went back quickly up the saloon stairs and disappeared.

Bob stared after him. Something about the Maltese had given him a slight feeling of uneasiness. He heard the voice of Rawson, the steward, a moment later, evidently addressing the Maltese.

"Look 'ere, you hook it! This ain't the part of the ship for you! What are you rooting about 'ere for?"

Rawson came into the saloon, grunting.

"What did he want, Rawson?" asked Bob.

"Dunno—looking for something to pinch, very likely," answered the steward.

"Oh, my bat!"

"I don't like his looks, and I'll lay he's got a sticker about him somewhere," said Rawson. "I know his sort! Too many of 'em about in these waters! Anyhow, he's got no business down here, and I've told him off."

"Just looking round the ship, perhaps," said Bob. "I dare say he's never been on a yacht before."

"I'll bet he hasn't, and that soaking to-day was the first wash he'd had for a dog's age," said the steward. "They've given him a berth with the crew, and let him stay there. Something'll be missing, with a blessed dago nosing about among the cabins!"

Bob smiled, and gave his attention to the chess again. But Hurree Singh and Wun Lung were deep in an intricate end-game now, which was much too deep for Bob; so he yawned, and went up to join his friends on deck.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

In the Night!

"O H dear!" moaned Billy Bunter. The fat Owl of the Remove lay in his bunk, staring up, with unsleeping eyes, at the ceiling above.

It was past midnight, and in the other rooms the chums of the Remove were fast asleep.

But there was no sleep for Bunter.

On waters that were still heaving from the squall, the Silver Star pitched as she ploughed on her way under the stars.

Bunter was in a painful state of emptiness. But he was not thinking of food. The thought of food made him shudder.

The most delicious viands would not have appealed to him, as he lay sleepless and sick in his bunk.

His enormous dinner had been a sheer waste, as it had turned out. Bunter was not mourning its loss, however. He was feeling ill and horrid. He wished from the bottom of his fat heart that he was safe on dry land. There was a lack of repose about the sea that worried him. He would have given almost anything for a few minutes of perfect stillness. But the Mediterranean, regardless of Bunter, continued to heave, and Bunter heaved in unison.

"Oh dear! Beast!" moaned Bunter. "Fast asleep, the lot of them, I'll bet!"

(Continued on page 8.)

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THE HAND OF THE MANDARIN!

(Continued from page 6.)

Let they care about me, after all I've done for 'em!"

Bunter had not even undressed. He had plumped down in his bunk, just as he was, and hardly stirred since, except when the mal-de-mer gripped him and he had to.

It was seldom that sleep refused to come to Bunter; but now he wooed Morpheus in vain. The drowsy god refused to seal his fat eyelids.

With the selfishness to which Bunter was sadly accustomed, the other fellows had turned in and gone peacefully to sleep. As it was past midnight, that was not an unreasonable proceeding on their part. But Bunter had a deep sense of injury.

At least one of the beasts, he considered, might have sat up in his room, and listened to his moaning and grumbling through the long watches of the night.

"Beasts!" moaned Bunter.

All of them sleeping like tops, he had no doubt; while he, Bunter, the most important of all, lay sleepless, with a horrid quaking in his inside, mumbling and wriggling restlessly through the hot night.

He gave a grunt as he heard a sound at his door.

One of the beasts, apparently, was going to give him a look in. And Bunter screwed up his fat face into an expression of heartrending suffering, to wring the heart of that beast, whichever beast it was.

The sliding door of the state-room slid back a few inches, and a bar of dim light fell in from the alleyway without, where the electric light burned all night.

Bunter, lying in his bunk, blinked at the opening, wondering why the beast did not open the door farther.

The opening was blocked by the figure of the one who had slid back the door, and Bunter's fat heart gave a sudden jump as he realized that it was not, after all, one of the juniors.

He had a glimpse of a dark face under a twisted red handkerchief. It was the Maltese sailor who was peering into his room!

Bunter suppressed a squeak of alarm.

There was something stealthy, cat-like, in the man's actions that was disturbing and alarming. Billy Bunter was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. Any of the Famous Five would have started up and asked the man what he wanted. Bunter shut his eyes tight and pretended to be asleep. If the man was there to steal—and he could scarcely have an honest purpose in creeping among the cabins in the middle of the night—Bunter had no desire whatever to tackle him. Besides, there was nothing in the cabin that belonged to Bunter, except the clothes he wore, which the most enterprising thief could hardly have been after. Bunter shut his eyes and affected slumber, though his fat heart was pounding so fast that he was afraid the intruder would hear it.

There was the faintest of sounds as the door closed again.

Bunter opened his eyes.

He was in darkness once more. The door was closed, shutting off the dim light from the alleyway.

Bunter sat up in his bunk.

He was alarmed, but more astonished than alarmed. The man had merely opened the door half-way and peered in.

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then vanished. What on earth was the fellow up to?

Evidently he had not come as a thief. He had not entered the room; only looked in.

Bunter sat in astonishment, almost forgetful of the uneasy state of his podgy inside.

What did it mean?

There was only one way of accounting for the strange action of the Maltese. He was seeking some particular cabin; he had looked into Bunter's, found that it was not the one he wanted, and so he had gone.

But what—why—

He had glanced at Bunter, sprawled on the bunk, and supposed that he was asleep. Bunter was less sleepy than ever now. He crawled from the bunk, and approached the sliding-door. There was a lock on it; and it would be easy enough to secure it if the man was at hand. Bunter slid it back an inch and peered out.

His fat heart jumped, as he saw the back of the Maltese.

Wharton's room was on the other side of the passage; and the man had the door a few inches open, peering in. Bunter saw his back as he stood there.

Evidently, it was not Wharton's cabin that the Maltese wanted, for he slid the door silently shut, and moved on swiftly and soundlessly to the next room.

Bunter jammed his spectacles on his fat little nose, and blinked out into the alleyway. He saw the Maltese peer into Bob Cherry's room. It was only for a moment; he passed to the next door, which was that of Wun Lung's state-room.

Bunter, not daring to make a sound, watched him, fascinated.

He saw the man slide Wun Lung's door a foot or so open, and peer in, by the light from the passage.

This time he did not close the door again. He pushed it farther open, and it was evident that he had found the room he wanted. From where he stood, he could see the Chinese junior sleeping in his bunk within. It was Wun Lung he wanted.

Bunter felt his fat brain spin.

The man was after Wun Lung!

It seemed impossible, incredible, that this could be an emissary of the Mandarin Tang Wang—he had come on board the yacht by chance—or so it seemed, at least! A man picked up at sea, from a sinking felucca! Yet there was no mistaking his actions.

He drew back a pace from the door, and his glittering black eyes swept watchfully up and down the passage. His dusky hand fumbled in his cash, and there was a glitter of bright steel.

Bunter's heart fairly quaked.

There was no mistake now—amazing, incredible as it was! He had looked into room after room; and now he had found Wun Lung's room, he had bared the knife, and was casting a last look about him to make sure that the coast was clear.

The coast was clear enough, at that hour of the night. The juniors were asleep; Locke was sleeping in his cabin; Mr. Green was in charge on deck; the steward snoring in his quarters. There was no one to intervene—unless it was Bunter! And the Owl of the Remove, white as a sheet, was shaking with terror from top to toe.

Bunter was in a blue funk—there was no doubt of that. The glittering black eyes in the dusky face, the flash of the cold steel, filled him with terror. But there was an ounce of pluck somewhere in Bunter's fat carcass. He could not, and he would not, crouch there in terror while a fearful deed was done.

The Maltese stood outside Wun Lung's open door, watching, listening intently. In a few seconds—

Bunter groped round wildly for a weapon. His fat hands came in contact with the small cane chair that stood beside his berth. He grasped it, and pushed his door wide open. His starting eyes, almost starting through his spectacles, fixed on the back of the Maltese, as the man stepped from the alleyway into Wun Lung's room. Bunter, hardly knowing what he did, rolled out into the passage, the light chair lifted in both hands. With all his strength he flung it at the Maltese, and it stuck Giuseppe Sasso on the back of the head and neck, and flung him headlong into the cabin he was entering.

There was a crash as he went down on his hands and knees, utterly taken by surprise by that sudden attack in the rear.

"Help!"

Billy Bunter's voice rang through the cabins; rang through the yacht. With his mouth wide open, his eyes bulging with terror, Bunter stood and yelled.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER

The Hand of the Mandarin!

WUN LUNG'S almond eyes opened wide and staring.

The sudden crash beside his berth, followed by the frantic yelling of Billy Bunter, startled the Chinese junior out of slumber.

His state-room door was wide open, the light glimmering in from the passage outside.

Within a few feet of him, sprawled the Maltese.

The eyes of the junior in the berth fixed on the intruder as soon as they opened.

The Maltese had been dazed, for the moment, by the crash on the back of his head, coming utterly unexpectedly. He sprawled on his face; and as he threw his hands out to save himself, the knife flew from his grasp.

In a few seconds he would have been up again; but Wun Lung, the little Chinese, was swift. He had awakened with all his faculties clear, and on the alert. The sight of the Maltese in his room, of the knife glittering on the floor where it had fallen, told Wun Lung all he needed to know—apart from the yelling and shrieking of Bunter in the passage.

Wun Lung made a swift leap from the berth.

He landed in the small of Giuseppe Sasso's back as he sprawled.

The Maltese was just rising; when the Chinese landed on his back, and flattened him down again.

He gave a breathless grunt as he flattened.

"Help me!" yelled Wun Lung.

Voices were calling on all sides; doors slamming open. Billy Bunter, almost out of his fat wits with terror, stood and shrieked. He would have rushed to Wun Lung's room to help; but his fat legs refused to carry him. He could only stand and yell.

Like a lightning flash, almost, a tall figure passed him, revolver in hand, and reached Wun Lung's room. Ferrers Locke was swift.

Swift as he was, he was only in time.

The Maltese had turned on Wun Lung like a cat, and seized him, and they were struggling on the floor of the state-room.

Ferrers Locke leaped in.

There was a crash, as his pistol-butts



Bunter's heart gave a sudden jump as he caught a glimpse of a dark face under a twisted red handkerchief. It was the Maltese sailor who was peering into his room!

struck the dusky head of the Maltese, and the bravo relaxed his hold on Wun Lung, and fell back to the floor, half-stunned.

Locke jammed a foot on his chest, pinning him down, and the revolver looked down at the staring, dazed face.

"Wun Lung! Are you hurt?"
"No!" gasped Wun Lung. "No hurt! No allee light!"

"Thank Heaven!"
"I say, you fellows! Help! Help! Oh dear! Help!"

"What's the row?"
"What the thump!"
Harry Wharton & Co., in their pyjamas, rushed to Wun Lung's door. They stared in at the strange scene there.

"What on earth—" gasped Bob Cherry.

"I say, you fellows—" "Shut up, Bunter."
"It is all right now, my boys," said Ferrers Locke tranquilly. "Wun Lung is not hurt; and I have this scoundrel safe."

"The Maltese!" gasped Wharton. "Pick up that knife, Wharton."

"But what—what—" Harry Wharton picked up the knife—a long, curved weapon, sharp as a razor. "What—"

"He—he was after Wun Lung?" panted Nugent.

"Evidently."

"He comey killy this Chinese!" said Wun Lung. "Bunteo wakee—"

"Bunter gave the alarm, apparently," said Ferrers Locke. "Get a rope, some of you, and bind the hands of this rascal."

The Maltese, wriggling under the

foot of the detective, glared up with glinting eyes. But he did not dare to stir. There was death in the revolver that looked down at him; death in the eyes of the Baker Street detective. One look at Ferrers Locke's grim face was enough to warn the bravo to keep quiet.

Bob Cherry rushed away and came back with a cord. Two of the juniors knelt, and bound the wrists of the Maltese together.

Then Ferrers Locke removed his foot, and the ruffian was allowed to rise. He stood panting and muttering curses in his own tongue—a mixture of Italian and the "lingua Maltese."

"But what does it mean, Mr. Locke?" gasped Wharton. "Why should he want to harm Wun Lung?"

"There is little doubt on that point," said Locke. "It is the work of the Mandarin Tang Wang."

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob. "But—but this man isn't a Chinese—"

"I say, you fellows—" "Come here, Bunter," said Ferrers Locke quietly; and there was an unusually kind note in his voice.

"I—I say, have you got him safe?" "Yes, yes."

Billy Bunter approached in a very gingerly way and blinked into the crowded state-room. He was relieved to see the Maltese with his hands bound.

"Oh dear!" gasped Bunter. "Oh dear! I—I say, I—I wasn't frightened, you know! Oh dear!"

The juniors grinned. Bunter had not only been frightened, but he had not yet recovered from his fright. His fat knees were knocking together.

"Tell me what happened, Bunter," said Ferrers Locke. "How did you come to give the alarm?"

"I—I was awake when he looked into my room!" gasped Bunter. "I—I pretended to be asleep—"

"He looked into your room!" Locke nodded. "Of course, the rascal did not know which room was occupied by Wun Lung."

"I—I got out, when he was gone, and—and watched him!" stammered Bunter. "I—I saw him look into Wharton's room—"

"Mine!" exclaimed Harry. "Oh, my hat! I was fast asleep, until I heard Bunter yelling—"

"Then he looked into Bob's room—"

"I wish I'd been awake," growled Bob Cherry.

"Then—then he looked in at Wun Lung, and—and got out a knife, and—and—and—" Bunter's voice shook.

"I—I knew what he was after then, and—and I chucked the chair at him and yelled for help—"

"My only hat!"

"It knocked him over, right into Wun Lung's room," gasped Bunter. "Oh dear! I—I was going to rush on him, only—only—"

"Now me savvy," said Wun Lung. "Me wakoo, me see that fellee splaw! on floor, me jumped on him backee—"

The Famous Five gazed at Bunter.

"Well, my word!" said Bob Cherry. "Bunter, old bean, what made you think of chucking the chair at the brute?"

"I had to stop him somehow!" gasped Bunter. "It was the only thing I could

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get hold of. I had to stop him; if I hadn't—"

"You're not such a funk as you've always made out, old fat bean," said Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

Ferrers Locke dropped his hand kindly on Bunter's shoulder.

"You've done well, Bunter! Go back to bed now—the danger is over. You have done well."

"Oh dear!"

Bunter rolled away. Now that the excitement was over he was feeling very feeble and flabby. He gladly rolled back into his bunk. For once, Billy Bunter was not even inclined to talk.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Locke?" The mate had hurried down from the deck. "Bunter's yells had reached his ears. 'What—' Mr. Green stared at the Maltese. 'What's that swab doing here?'"

"He was attempting Wun Lung's life," answered the detective. "But we have him safe now."

And the mate, blinking with astonishment, returned to the deck.

Locke fixed his eyes on the dark, sullen face of the Maltese. He spoke to him in Italian, the juniors looking on curiously. They had no doubt now that the bravo was a tool in the hands of the Mandarin Tang Wang, but they did not understand. It was—or seemed to be—by the sheerest chance that Sasso had come on board the yacht, and even the keen-witted Baker Street detective had not thought of distrusting a man who had been picked up from a wreck.

The Maltese stood sullenly silent, as Locke spoke to him. Harry Wharton & Co. felt a thrill as Locke lifted his automatic and placed the muzzle to the ruffian's breast, his eyes glinting like steel over it. The dusky face whitened.

The Maltese began to speak volubly.

The juniors listened, but the stream of Italian was incomprehensible to them. They caught two words that were not Italian—Tang Lao—evidently a Chinese name, several times repeated.

Locke nodded at last, and made the Maltese a sign to be silent. He called Rawson, who had arrived on the scene half-dressed, and was staring on with wide-open eyes.

"See this man safely locked up for the night, Rawson."

"Yessir."

The steward led the Maltese away—not with a gentle hand. Locke turned to the Greyfriars fellows. He smiled faintly.

"I suppose you boys want to know—"

"Yes, rather, sir."

"The wantfulness is terrific."

"The rascal has confessed that he was employed by a Chinaman in Malta, whose name he gives as Tang Lao," said Locke. "Evidently a relative of the Mandarin Tang Wang, as the surname is the same—"

"Ah, savvy," said Wun Lung. "Tang Lao son belong Tang Wang."

Ferrers Locke nodded.

"Tang Lao hired the bravo and his cut-throat crew, in the felucca," he went on. "The scheme was to watch for the yacht, and to get Sasso on board by some trick—such as a collision at sea—in which case, of course, we must have picked up the survivors of the felucca. The squall yesterday rather interfered with the arrangements—the felucca was wrecked and the whole crew lost with the exception of Sasso. But the wreck was naturally near the course of the Silver Star; and Giuseppe Sasso was able to carry out his scheme of getting on board. He had given up hope of success when fortune favoured him

and he was picked up by the very vessel he had been watching for."

Locke set his lips.

"I can hardly blame myself for not guessing the truth, in the circumstances," he said. "There was nothing to indicate that the man was anything but a shipwrecked seaman. But for the squall I do not think he would have succeeded in his trickery—I should have been on my guard against any stranger. But—"

"Nobody could have guessed," said Harry. "But—suppose the villain had succeeded, how did he think he would get away afterwards?"

"Had he succeeded he intended to drop overboard and swim," said Locke. "He had calculated well. From where the yacht is now a good swimmer could easily reach Gozo. Had he succeeded he would have escaped beyond doubt."

He broke off.

"You boys had better go back to bed now. I will take a look at the scoundrel to make sure that he is safe for the night."

The juniors returned to their berths; but it was long before they slept again.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Gets There!

BILLY BUNTER smiled.

In fact, he beamed.

He sat at the breakfast-table, his fat face beaming like unto a harvest moon.

Bunter was in great fettle that morning.

The Mediterranean was calm as a pond once more. A brilliant sun blazed down on the blue sea and the gliding yacht. Bunter was feeling well, and had forgotten sea-sickness. He was punishing breakfast with his usual vigour.

But it was not merely a calm sea, a calm inside, and a good breakfast that made Bunter beam so effulgently.

Bunter had, so to speak, got away with it.

He had saved Wun Lung's life—at all events, there was no doubt that the Chinese junior's danger would have been terrible but for the alarm having been given by Bunter. It was difficult to see how the Maltese bravo could have failed but for the Owl of the Remove. And it was not only that Bunter had given a timely alarm; but he had shown something like pluck and presence of mind. And the Famous Five, who believed in giving credit where credit was due, treated Bunter on this particular morning with much more cordiality than the fat junior generally received.

Bunter expanded.

Bunter had fully recovered from the night's terrors. As there was no more danger, he was as brave as a lion.

It was like Bunter, of course, to make the most of it. Bunter never had, believed in a fellow hiding his light under a bushel. He was not one of those flowers which are born to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air. He did not resemble in the least the gentleman who did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame. There was no need for anybody to blow Bunter's trumpet for him; it was his agreeable way to blow it himself—on its top note.

Overnight he had blurted out the exact facts, but there was a difference in the morning. Bunter had a way of embroidering a story till it was no longer recognisable.

"I say, you fellows—pass the marmalade—I say, it was lucky I kept on the watch last night, what?" he remarked.

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"Did you?" murmured Bob. All the juniors were well aware that Bunter had been kept awake by sea-sickness following gluttony. But, in the circumstances, they did not address Bunter with the frankness that was usual in the Greyfriars Remove.

"Did I?" repeated Bunter, with his mouth full. "Why, you know I did. Wasn't I wide awake and on the watch for that villain?"

"Oh!"

"The fact is, I suspected him from the first!" explained Bunter.

"Phew!"

"I had my eye on him," said Bunter. "I'm rather keen, you know. I notice things. Locke is a fairly good detective in his way. But he doesn't spot things like I do."

"Go it!" said Bob.

"Suspecting that villain, you know, I stayed awake and kept on the watch," said Bunter. "Lucky I did, what?"

"Oh, frightfully."

"If you don't believe me, Bob Cherry—"

"H'm!"

"While all you fellows were fast asleep and snoring, there was I sitting up and keeping guard through the watches of the night," said Bunter. "That was how I nailed the villain."

"Some watchman!" said Bob. "Fancy Bunter keeping watch through a shut door!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I dare say Bunter knew the sportsman was going to peep into his cabin," remarked Johnny Bull gravely. "Didn't you, Bunter?"

"Well, I—I didn't exactly know that, you know," said Bunter. "Not—not exactly! But—but when he did, I was ready for him! With wonderful presence of mind, I pretended to be asleep—"

"Presence of mind?" asked Johnny Bull. "Not presence of funk?"

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Shush!" said Bob. "Let Bunter run on! Go it, Bunter! This is a better story than you told last night."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Fatter old Bunter vally funner!" said Wun Lung.

"That's what you call gratitude, I suppose!" sneered Bunter. "If you fellows think I was in a funk last night—"

"H'm!"

"I was cool as—as ice! I'm always particularly cool in moments of fearful danger," explained Bunter. "That's me all over. Pluck will tell. The Bunter blood is fighting blood, you know. Look at the records of the Bunters in the War!"

"Where are we to look for it?" asked Johnny Bull.

Bunter did not answer that frivolous question.

"You fellows would have been shaking all over, of course," he said. "Mind, I don't blame you; you haven't my pluck. You haven't my iron nerve. If there's one thing I've got, it's a nerve!"

"You have!" agreed Bob. "Lots of nerve! If you hadn't a nerve, you wouldn't be on the yacht at all."

"The nervefulness is terrific."

"I don't mean that, you ass! Pass the jam! Where's the jam? Look here, if you fellows have bagged all the jam, I'll—"

"There it is, under your nose, you owl."

"Oh! All right! As I was saying—grooooh!" Bunter's mouth was full of jam, which rather impeded his utterance. "Ooooh! Grooooh! As I was

WELL WON. WOLVERHAMPTON!

One of this week's corking penknives goes to Harry Gibbons, of 54, Cannock Road, Springfields, Wolverhampton, who has sent in the following winning storyette:



Bill: "How did your brother break his leg?"

Joe: "Well, you see those steps?"

Bill: "Yes."

Joe: "Well, he didn't!"

Take a leaf out of Harry's book
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AWAY!**

saying, with an iron nerve and wonderful presence of mind, I watched the villain, and hurled the chair at him at the physiological moment—"

"The what?" gasped Bob.

"The physiological moment—"

"Oh! The psychological moment—"

"The physiological moment," insisted

Bunter. "At the physiological moment I hurled the chair at him, knocked him spinning, and—and you know the rest. While all you fellows were snoring—"

"But we don't snore!" said Harry Wharton mildly. "You're the only fellow here that snores."

"Oh, really, Wharton! I know jolly well I don't snore. You make out at Greyfriars that I snore in the dormitory. I jolly well don't! Why, I stayed awake one night to listen if I did—and I didn't!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! I say, you fellows, is there any more jam? Steward! Jam!"

"Yesir!"

"After this," said Bunter, when he had been supplied with jam, "after this, I suppose all you fellows will be keen for me to come on to China with you?"

"Oh!"

"H'm!"

"I suppose you can see now that you're not safe without me?"

"Um!"

"I fancy even Mr. Locke realises by this time that he's pretty helpless without me!"

"Oh, great pip!"

"Did he suspect what that Maltese

rotter was up to?" demanded Bunter.

"No, he didn't! Well, I did! I suspected the villain from the first. That was why I stayed awake to watch. Not because I was sea-sick."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle," said Bunter disdainfully. "But I can tell you fellows plainly, that after what I've done, after my magnificent courage and presence of mind—saving all your lives, and all that—I expect to be treated decently."

I'm accustomed to ingratitude, but there's a limit. Shakespeare says—pass those muffins!"

"My hat! I've never seen that in Shakespeare—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean, Shakespeare says, how sharper than a toothless child it is to have a thankless serpent!"

"Oh erikoy!"

"Pass the muffins! Well, after all I've done, I expect you fellows to ask me civilly to come on to China with the party. If there's any more danger, you can rely on me to see you through."

"It's for Mr. Locke to settle," said Wharton.

"You can put it to him," said Bunter. "There's not much time to lose—we must be close to Malta now. I'm not going ashore. You fellows put it to Locke as a special favour to yourselves."

"Oh dear!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another. There was no doubt that Bunter had come in extremely useful for once; his awank on the subject did not alter the fact. So far as they were concerned, the chums of the Remove would have been willing to reward him, by including him in the party for China. But it was not for them to settle.

Ferrers Locke came down from the deck. Billy Bunter blinked at him. Locke smiled faintly.

"You were very useful last night, Bunter!" he said.

Bunter smirked.

"I rather fancy I was," he agreed. "You see, I suspected that Maltese villain from the first—"

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, really, Mr. Locke—"

"I hardly care to think of what might have happened, if you had not chanced to be kept awake by sea-sickness—"

"Oh, I say—"

"I feel that you are entitled to some reward," said Locke. "If you still desire to accompany us to China, and if your schoolfellows do not object, you may have your wish, Bunter, and remain on the yacht."

Billy Bunter grinned.

"That's all right. The fellows will be glad to have me," he said. "I'll come."

"The gladfulness will be terrific," said Hurree Jameet Ram Singh gravely.

"Not to say preposterous!" said Bob Cherry.

"I'll come," said Bunter. "I've really got some rather important engagements for the holidays, but I'm willing to cancel them for the sake of these fellows. I always was a self-sacrificing chap! If you really feel that you want me, Mr. Locke—"

"I can hardly say that," answered Ferrers Locke calmly. "But you may come if you wish; and I only hope that you will not prove too troublesome."

"Oh, really, you know, if you put it like that—"

"I do!"

"All right; I'll come!" said Bunter cheerfully; and Locke, with a nod, left the saloon. Bunter grinned round at the other fellows. "I say, you fellows, it's all right; you're not losing me, after all. I felt pretty certain that Locke would realise, in the long run, that he couldn't do without me. I say, are there any more muffins? Look here, you fellows, I want it to be distinctly understood that if I come with you on this voyage I'm not to be kept short of muffins! Steward! Muffins!"

Harry Wharton & Co. went on deck, leaving Billy Bunter still busy.

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THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Giuseppe's Revenge!

MALTA sank into the blue Mediterranean eastern of the swift yacht. Harry Wharton & Co. would have been glad to run ashore at the port of La Valette, and have a look at the island; but Ferrers Locke kept on his course, and the Silver Star passed barely within view of the island. It was to send Bunter ashore that the detective had intended to call at Malta; and now it was settled that Bunter was to stay. Somewhere on Malta was Tang Lao, the son of Tang Wang, as Locke had learned from Sasso, doubtless waiting for news of the felucca. He was not likely to get any news, unless the wreck of the felucca drifted ashore.

Giuseppe Sasso remained on board the yacht, a prisoner, with no chance of communicating with his Oriental employer. Locke had no time to waste in handing him over to justice in his native island. Mr. Green had sorted out a set of irons, which had been fastened on the limbs of the Maltese, and he was a safe prisoner. What Locke intended to do with him the juniors did not know. For the present, he sailed with the Silver Star, as she glided swiftly on the long stretch of the Mediterranean from Malta to Port Said.

Sometimes the juniors saw the Maltese, when he was allowed to come on deck for exercise, always with the irons on. His dusky face wore a perpetual black scowl, and when his eyes turned on Ferrers Locke they glinted with rage and revenge. He seldom or never spoke, unless to utter some curse in his own language, and day by day his scowling grew blacker. The schoolboys felt some little curiosity regarding him. It was difficult for them to understand a man who was ready to take a human life, the life of a stranger, for a bribe. Shame or remorse did not seem to affect Giuseppe in any way; his feelings evidently were only of bitter hatred and revenge towards the man who kept him a prisoner in irons, and who was taking him away farther and farther from his native island. He hardly glanced at Wun Lung, when the Chinese junior was in his sight. It was plain that he felt only indifference towards the Chinese, whose life he had sought. His savage hatred was concentrated on Ferrers Locke.

"If that merchant ever gets loose, he will go after Mr. Locke like a giddy wild-cat!" Bob Cherry remarked to his chums.

"Looks like it," agreed Wharton. "But he won't get loose. I wish he was somewhere else than on board the Silver Star, though."

"The brute gives me the creeps, when he looks at Mr. Locke," said Nugent. "I suppose he can't very well be dropped overboard; but—"

"Best thing to do with him," granted Johnny Bull.

"I say, you fellows, don't you be afraid," said Billy Bunter encouragingly. "I'm with you, you know."

"Fathead!"

"The brute ought not to get off unpunished," said Johnny Bull. "I suppose it would have taken too long to deal with him at Malta, and the farther we get away from Tang Lao the better. But he ought to be punished somehow."

"He will not escape punishment," said the quiet voice of Ferrers Locke.

"We're not taking him as far as China!" asked Bob.

The detective smiled.

"No. I shall maroon him on the coast of Arabia, and he will take his chance there. It is not so severe a punishment as he deserves, but it will not be a light one."

"He's not enjoying the trip, at any rate," said Bob.

"He knows what is in store for him," answered Locke. "I am sorry to have to keep him on the yacht, but we shall see the last of him within a few days."

But the Greyfriars party were destined to see the last of Giuseppe Sasso before that.

The next morning, when they came on deck, they found Ferrers Locke scanning the horizon through his binoculars. They waited till he lowered the glasses, and then Bob asked eagerly:

"Land?"

"Yes," said Locke. "We shall see the coast of Egypt this morning. We stop at Port Said."

"Any chance of a run ashore?"

"I am afraid that Wun Lung must remain on the yacht," said Locke. "But there is no reason why the others should not have a few hours ashore. You must run no risks, Wun Lung."

"Ailes light," said Wun Lung cheerfully.

"You can trust him to me, Mr. Locke," suggested Bunter. "I'll take care of him ashore."

Mr. Locke made no reply; he did not seem to hear. He moved away from the rail and stood looking across the sunny blue water from the rail.

Bunter blinked after him, and blinked at the juniors.

"Is Locke getting deaf?" he asked.

"Fathead!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There's that Maltese merchant," said Bob. "I suppose Locke will tuck him out of sight while we're in harbour at Port Said. Jever see anybody look so much like a tiger?"

The juniors glanced at the Maltese. His wrists were ironed, but his legs were free, to allow him to walk on the deck. He was in charge of Rawson, who held him by the arm.

He did not look at the schoolboys. His black eyes rolled as they turned on Ferrers Locke, standing by the rail. The ferocity in them made the juniors shiver. Had the bravo been free, with a knife in his hand, Locke's life would not have been worth much, even had instant death been certain to follow his revenge.

"My hat! I shall be glad when that brute is off the ship!" muttered Frank "Fathead!"

"Yes, rather!"

The ironed man moved to and fro in the space allotted him for exercise, the steward keeping close by his side. Every moment his eyes turned on the tall figure standing by the rail, and burned.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! I believe I can see Africa!" said Bob.

He pointed to a dim blur that loomed over the blue waters to the south.

"I say, you fellows—" Bunter blinked round rather anxiously. "I say, it's settled that we're going ashore at Port Said. So far as danger is concerned, that will be all right. I shall be with you. But what about money?"

"Did you leave all your vast wealth at home at Bunter Court?" asked Johnny Bull sarcastically.

"Well, you see, coming away in rather a hurry, I forgot my banknotes," explained Bunter. "To tell you the truth, I left my money at home."

"Well, a fellow can't be expected to remember a little thing like that," said Bob.

"Don't be a funny ass," said Bunter.

"The question is, who's going to lend me a few pounds?"

"Echo answers, who?"

"If you fellows are going to be mean—"

"We are—we is! Frightfully mean!"

"The meanfulness is going to be terrific."

"I say, Wharton— Look here, can't you give a fellow some attention, Wharton? Never mind that dego," said Bunter irritably. "Look here—"

"Shut up, for goodness' sake," said Harry.

His eyes were on the Maltese.

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"That blighter's safe enough, Harry," said Bob. "He's got irons on his wrists, and Rawson's got him in hand—"

"I know. But—" Wharton broke off uneasily.

"I say, Wharton—"

"Oh, crumbs! Look out!" shrieked Wharton.

With a suddenness that was swifter than the spring of a tiger, the Maltese was bounding across the deck.

Before that startled cry had fairly left Wharton's lips, he had reached the spot where Ferrers Locke stood at the rail.

The detective spun round.

But even Ferrers Locke was taken by surprise. The manacled hands were lifted as the Maltese sprang at him, and his arms were round the detective's neck. His whole weight was hung on Locke, and before a hand could be raised they had plunged together over the rail.

Splash!

"Good heavens!"

"Man overboard!"

"Mr. Locke—"

There was a roar of startled voices. Harry Wharton, without stopping to think, leaped on the rail, threw his hands together, and dived into the sea. And the yacht, as she swept on, left him swimming desperately towards the Baker Street detective, struggling wildly in the tenacious hold of the desperado who was throwing away his life for his revenge.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

For Life or Death!

FERRERS LOCKE had often been near to death. But never had he been nearer than now, as he sank deep in the blue waters, with the vice-like grip of the Maltese fastened on him. Down he went, deep down, the waters closing above his head, shutting out light and life. He struggled fiercely, but the arms of the desperado were locked about his neck, dragging him down. He struck, and struck again and again, but the water impeded the force of his blows. Manacled as he was, the Maltese could have had no hope of reaching the distant low shore of Africa. He was throwing his life away to take that of his enemy; and as Ferrers Locke fought to reach the surface, the bravo fought to drag him down and keep him down.

How long he was under water Locke never knew, but he knew that his brain was reeling, his lungs bursting, when he fought his way up to the surface, the Maltese hanging on him. His head came out, and he gulped in one breath of air that gave relief to his bursting lungs, and then he was under again. Sinewy arms were locked round his neck, and with all his efforts he could not throw them off. He tore at them, dragged at them, wrangled at

them frantically, but the death-hug did not slacken.

They came up once more, and the dark face, close to Locke's, grinned at him like a hyena's, the black eyes beamed into his, the white teeth flashed as the lips were drawn back in a snarl. Locke struck at the savage face, but he was dragged under again. For an instant his despairing eyes had swept the sea, and he saw the yacht sweeping round towards him, her rail packed with staring faces, but she seemed far off—terribly far! And the water throttled him again.

He was going down—down—in the grasp of death, and this time he knew he would not rise. He knew it, he knew that rescue would come too late, that the boat that had already dropped from the yacht would never help him, but he fought on with every ounce of his remaining strength.

Something touched him in the water—he felt a grasp! Something was dragging him up, as the Maltese strove to drag him down—and that unexpected

Wharton drove his fist into the savage face, hitting with all his strength, and drove it under water. He grasped the manacled dusky wrists, and dragged at them, and between his efforts, and Locke's desperate struggles, the arms of the bravo were torn from the detective's nock.

Once he was free of that tenacious grip the detective could swim. His head rose from the water, and he panted and panted for breath.

A dusky face was seen for a moment in the foam, and then it vanished—for

hands ironed! And I reckon Davy Jones is welcome to him."

"Pick him up, if possible!" said Locke quietly.

"Ay, ay, sir! But he's gone."

The boat circled round the spot, the seamen looking for a sign of the Maltese. But there was nothing to be seen of him, and they pulled back to the yacht.

Bob Cherry scrambled down the accommodation ladder to help Wharton on board. He squeezed the arm of the captain of the *Remora*.



There were fierce yells from the blacks and browns as they closed in on Harry Wharton & Co. With a howl of terror Billy Bunter collapsed, while the Famous Five hit out right and left at the enemy!

help, added to his own desperate efforts, brought him to the surface again.

Again he gulped in air, his senses reeling.

It seemed like a dream to him to see the face of Harry Wharton in the water close by him. It was Wharton who was grasping him—Wharton who was dragging him up from death.

Wharton did not speak.

His face was white, set, tense; his teeth shut hard.

Had the hands of the Maltese been free, probably neither would have escaped, neither the detective nor the schoolboy who had leaped to his rescue. But Giuseppe could only hold on to Locke, though he snarled at Wharton and snapped at him with his teeth.

ever. Giuseppe Basso was not seen again. He had gone to the doom to which he had sought to drag his enemy, but he had gone alone.

There was a dash of oars in the blue water. Like an arrow the boat came speeding up.

Mr. Green reached over and grasped the detective by the collar. A moment more and he was in the boat, another moment and Harry Wharton was beside him, sinking down exhausted in a pool of water.

"By gum, sir!" gasped the mate. "You've had a close shave—by the Lord Harry—"

"Look for the Maltese!" said Locke. The mate grunted.

"Not much good looking for him—he's gone! He knew he was a goner when he jumped overboard with his

"All serene?" he gasped.

"Yes, all serene!" panted Wharton. "Rather wet—that's all."

Bob chuckled.

Wharton was helped on board, and Ferrers Locke followed. The boat was swung up to the davits, and the *Silver Star* resumed her course towards Port Said.

The Co. hurried Wharton down to his state-room, where he towelled himself dry and changed his clothes. He was feeling tired, but otherwise none the worse.

"Feel fit, old bean!" asked Johnny Bull.

"Quite," said Wharton, with a smile. "I say, you fellows—"

"Buzz off, Bunter!"

(Continued on page 16)

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THE HAND OF THE MANDARIN.

(Continued
from page 13.)

"I say, there's nothing to make a song about, you know. I should have gone in for Locke myself, only Wharton butted in. I was just going—"

"Bow-wow!"

The juniors went along to the saloon, where they found Ferrers Locke already changed, and, save for a slight paleness, looking his usual self. He gave Wharton a very kind glance.

"Not feeling much the worse?" he asked.

"Not at all, sir!" answered Harry.

"You saved my life, my boy," said the detective quietly. "I was at the end of my tether, and I should have gone down with that desperate villain but for your help. If you had not acted so promptly—"

"I say, sir, it would have been all right—I should have been in for you in another tick—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Shan't! The fact is—"

"Dry up!"

"The fact is, I was going to say—yow-ow-ow! What silly idiot is stamping on my foot! You beast, Bull—"

Ferrers Locke laughed.

"I shall not forget this, Wharton," he said.

"It was nothing, sir," said Harry.

"It was a great deal to me," said Locke, smiling, and with a nod to the juniors he went on deck.

Billy Bunter sniffed.

"Lot of fuss to make about nothing!" he remarked. "I've always thought Ferrers Locke a bit of an ass! What do you fellows think?"

"You burbling bandersnatch—"

"Well, look here," said Bunter peevishly, "we shall be at Port Said soon. Who's going to lend me—"

"Shut up!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Who's going to lend me—"

"I know what I'm going to lend you," said Bob Cherry, in a concentrated voice, "I'm going to lend you a boot!"

And he did!

The loan did not seem to please Bunter! He yelled, and the Famous Five went on deck and left him yelling.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Run Ashore!

"PORT SAID."

"There's the jolly old port!"

"The said port," remarked

Bob Cherry gravely, "is Port Said, my pippins."

"Oh, my hat! Is that a pun?"

"Yes, and a jolly good one."

"The punfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bob."

The long, low shore came almost suddenly into sight. Harry Wharton & Co. looked about them with interest, as the Silver Star glided into the harbour at Port Said. Wharton was glad of something to distract his thoughts from the

memory of the evil face he had seen sinking into the sea. The yacht slid among the shipping into the Basin Ismail, and the engines ceased to throb.

Shore boats, with dark-skinned boatmen, glided round the yacht, and many voices hailed the juniors as they looked down, in many tongues. The harbour was crowded with shipping, and innumerable boats, and beyond the town lay blazing in a burning sunshine. Port Said, lying at the entrance of the Suez Canal, is always a busy place. Billy Bunter joined the Famous Five on deck. He blinked eagerly at the sun-scorched town.

"I say, you fellows! This place is supposed to be one of the wickedest places in the world!" he remarked. "I say, let's go ashore and see the sights."

"We shan't have time to see much of the wickedness," grinned Bob Cherry. "But we'll give some of your relations a look in, Bunter."

"Eh? I haven't any relations here," said Bunter.

"You jolly well have! I can see some of them from here! There's a chap who might be your twin."

Bunter blinked in the direction Bob pointed.

"Eh! That black fellow on a donkey?" he asked.

"No, the donkey the black fellow's on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter.

"We can get a donkey ride here," said Harry. "The place is full of donkeys—"

"It will be fuller when Bunter gets ashore. Look here, Bunter, what about staying here with your relations while we go on to China?"

"If you think that's funny—" hooted Bunter.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, there goes the boat."

The Famous Five and Bunter went ashore with Ferrers Locke. Won Lung remained contentedly on board. Locke had business to attend to, and the juniors were left to their own devices for a time, with injunctions not to wander far, not to get into trouble, and to meet Locke again in two hours time on the spot where he left them. All of which they faithfully promised to do.

Bunter's relations, as Bob playfully termed them, were numerous at Port Said, as in all Egyptian towns. The chums of Greyfriars were surrounded by a crowd of donkey-boys, all clamouring for custom. Many of them spoke English, of a wild and weird variety; all of them were noisy and persistent, each proclaiming the particular merits of his own particular donkey, and his own especial knowledge of all the more interesting sights to be seen. A ride was exactly what the schoolboys wanted, and they proceeded to bargain with the donkey-boys.

"I say, you fellows, lend me a hand," squeaked Bunter, after several vain attempts to get on board a donkey who seemed to object. Perhaps that donkey was not such an ass, as it were, as to carry Bunter's weight if he could help it.

"Good donkey, sair!" said the donkey-boy, grinning, and showing a flashing set of teeth. "Him name Ramsay Macdonald, sair."

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Bob. "And what's the name of my jolly old mount?"

"Him Queen Victoria, sair!"

"Oh crikey!"

It appeared that all the donkeys had names, some of them very high-sounding

ones, though sometimes far from appropriate. Harry Wharton was already mounted on George Washington, while Frank Nugent was astride Napoleon Bonaparte, and Johnny Bull sat cheerily on the back of Admiral Nelson. Hurree Singh was backing Lord Wellington. All the Famous Five could ride, and they managed their donkeys fairly easily, but Billy Bunter found trouble with Ramsay Macdonald. The donkey kept on backing as Bunter tried to mount, heedless of the donkey-boy's stick that rattled on his bones.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Oh, jump on!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You're keeping us waiting, fatty."

"The beast won't let me get on!" howled Bunter.

"These Bunters don't seem to be fond of one another," said Bob. "Tell him you're his long-lost brother, fatty."

"You silly chump!"

"Him good donkey, sair! Him Ramsay Macdonald, sair. Him go like the wind!"

"Help me on, you black idiot!" howled Bunter. "Gimme a bunk up, see! Lift me on the beast!"

The donkey-boy gasped at him. Lifting Bunter would have required the combined efforts of several of the donkey-boys.

"Oh, let's hoist the fat duffer on," said Harry, and he dismounted again, Bob following his example, and they went to Bunter's assistance.

Hafiz, the donkey-boy, held Ramsay Macdonald firmly, while the two juniors grasped Bunter and bunked him up.

Bunter grabbed at the saddle and Macdonald firmly, while the two juniors shoved and strained under his weight.

"Ow! Mind what you're at!" gasped Bunter. "Don't pinch me, you silly beasts. Don't bung me in the ribs, you fatheads—don't bang my nose on his beastly neck, you chumps—go easy—ow, ow—"

"Heave ahead!" gasped Bob Cherry. "For goodness' sake, clamber on, Bunter, we can't stand your weight long."

"Ow! Beast! Hold me! Now shove! Oh dear."

Bunter plunged on the donkey. A hefty shove from behind landed him on Ramsay Macdonald. But it was a case, as Shakespeare would have put it, of vaulting ambition over-leaping itself, and falling on the other side. Bunter plunged over and disappeared from view on the other side of Ramsay Macdonald. There was a bump on the sandy soil that almost shook Egypt as Bunter landed.

"Yarcoogh!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You silly asses!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The donkey-boys cackled in great glee, as if there was something funny about Bunter's disaster. Bunter could see nothing funny in it. He scrambled up yelling.

"You dummies! You silly chumps! You—"

"Oh crumbs! Have another go!" gasped Bob. "Next time you're on, hold on. Now then, all hands on deck."

Once more Bunter was hoisted up. This time he got a fat leg over the donkey and landed in the saddle. Once there he held on for his life.

"All right now?" gasped Bob.

"Ow! Yes! Hold on a minute! I—I think he's going to move!"

"Oh, my hat! Do you want him to keep still?"

"Beast! Hold me!"

The juniors held Bunter. But Ramsay

Macdonald did not move. He stood quite still, his feet firmly planted, and so far from moving, he seemed determined never to stir from the spot.

Bunter regained confidence. "All right now?" asked Wharton. "Of course I'm all right! Think I can't ride? What are you fellows clutching at me for? Let go, for goodness' sake!"

"Why, you fat villain——" "Let go, I tell you! You're only bothering me!" said Bunter. "Do you think I can't ride? If you saw the hunters we keep at Bunter Court——"

"Ass!" Harry Wharton went back to George Washington, and Bob to Queen Victoria. Bunter was left to deal with Ramsay Macdonald on his own.

There was a clatter of hoofs, as the party started. But Ramsay Macdonald did not start. Bunter urged him in vain. He had been afraid, at first, that Ramsay would move; now he was afraid that he would never move. He yelled to the donkey-boy.

"You sooty-faced chump, make him go!"

"Yes, sir! He go like——" "He won't go!" roared Bunter. "Look here, if you think I'm going to pay you to sit here like a stuffed dummy you're jolly well mistaken, you black image, see?"

Whack, whack, whack! went the stick on Ramsay Macdonald. But Ramsay was probably used to the stick, and he took no heed. He appeared to have a rooted objection to carrying Bunter's weight.

The Famous Five reined their donkeys round.

"Get going, Bunter!" "The beast won't go!" howled Bunter.

"Perhaps he can't!" suggested Johnny Bull. "What you really need is an elephant, Bunter!" "Beast!"

"He seems to be sagging a bit," remarked Nugent. "If he crumples up under Bunter——"

"Talk to him, Bunter!" shouted Bob.

"Ek! How can I talk to him, you fathead?"

"Well, I suppose you know his language, as he's a near relation——"

"You silly fathead! Make him go!"

Whack, whack, whack, whack! the stick rang on the donkey like a series of pistol-shots. Two or three other donkey-boys kindly lent their aid, and they piled in as if they were beating a carpet.

That was too much even for the obstinacy of Ramsay Macdonald. He moved at last! He moved suddenly, and Bunter very nearly flew over his tail. He grabbed the donkey's rough, hairy neck just in time, and held on for his life as Ramsay Macdonald broke into a wild gallop.

"Hurrah! We're off!"

With a clatter and a jingle the party rode after Bunter. The whole crowd of donkey-boys yelled with cackling laughter, and the Famous Five could not help laughing, too. Bunter was tossing about on the back of the galloping donkey like a cockleshell on a rough

sea. Only his frantic grasp on Ramsay's hairy neck saved him from rolling off. At every stride of the donkey Bunter let out a terrified howl.

"Ow! Help! Yarooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, I shall be killed if——"

"Stick to him, Bunter!"

"Yarooogh!"

"Attaboy!" yelled Bob Cherry

"Ride him, cowboy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, crumbs! Oh, crikey! Ow!

Yaroooooooop! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The donkey-riders rode on Bunter in the lead. It was Billy Bunter's belief that he was a born leader, and that his proper place was in the van. On this occasion he would have been content to bring up the rear. He found that he did not like being in the van—indeed, he felt that he was in the cart! But there was no help for Bunter; Ramsay Macdonald meant business, and he careered away in great style, the donkey-boy running at his heels, almost doubled up with merriment, and Bunter clinging to his back and wailing the echoes of Egypt with a succession of terrified howls.

THE TENTH CHAPTER. A Native Riot!

BUMP! "Whooooop!" Ramsay Macdonald, after a wild career, halted suddenly. Perhaps he was tired, or perhaps he (Continued on next page.)



Take it steady!

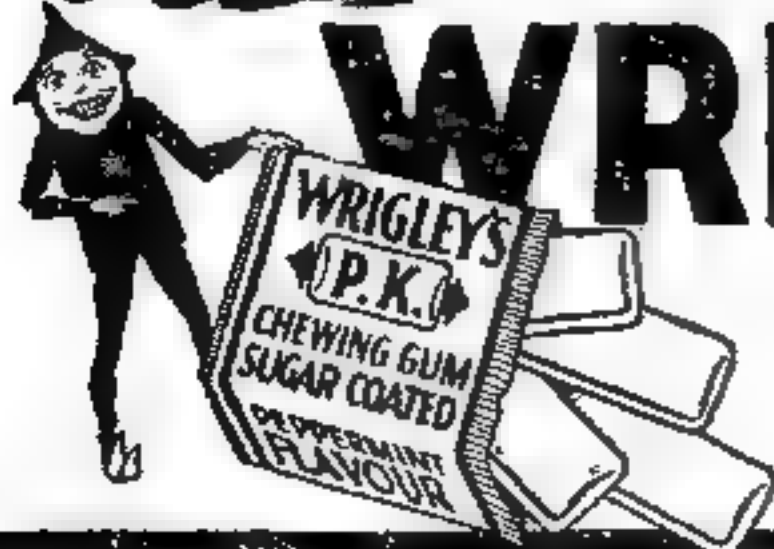
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was only artful. At all events, that sudden halt relieved him of his burden. Bunter shot over his head like a stone from a catapult.

Bunter smote Egypt with a resounding bump. And the yell that he uttered was calculated almost to awaken the Pharaohs.

Ramsay Macdonald stood looking down at him. The donkey-boy gurgled with merriment. Bunter sprawled and roared.

"Ow! I'm killed! Yarooogh! Help! Beasts! Help!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry, rearing in. "Jump on again, Bunter."

"My neck's broken!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And both my legs— Yarooogh!"

"Nothing the matter with your lungs!" chuckled Bob.

"Whoop! Whoop! Help!"

The Famous Five dismounted. They picked Bunter up, and on examination it proved that he was not broken.

"Up you go!" said Bob. "Hold that blessed donkey, somebody."

"Leggo! I'm not getting on that wild beast again!" roared Bunter. "I'm not going to be killed to please you! I believe you want me to be killed! Yah!"

"But we've come out for a ride—"

"Ride and be blowed! Go and eat coke! What's that beast of a donkey-boy laughing at? One of you fellows kick him."

"My dear chap, how can he help laughing when he sees you ride—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast! Lemme alone! I'm not getting on again."

"Look here, you ass—we've got to ride back—"

"Shant!" roared Bunter. "Leave me here! Leave me to die of a broken neck and fractured spinal column! It would be just like you! Beasts!"

"We've got to get back, you howling ass—we've come over a mile—"

"I'll walk! Go and eat coke! Yah!"

"You'll lose yourself, you patty owl!"

"A fat lot you care!" said Bunter bitterly. "I've sacrificed my summer holidays to come with you and protect

you, and a fat lot you care what happens to me! Yah!"

"Isn't he nice?" said Bob. "I suppose we've got to walk back, if that fat dummy is afraid to ride the donkey again. We can't leave the blithering idiot here on his own."

"Oh, bother him!" said Nugent.

"We were having a jolly nice ride! Look here, Bunter, get on the donkey and hang on to his ears."

"Beast!"

"You fat, frabjous owl!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Yah!"

"The esteemed Bunter is a terrific worry," remarked Hurren Jamset Ram Singh, "but we had better walk back with the ludicrous fathead."

There was no help for it, unless Bunter was to be left on his own. He was quite determined to have nothing further to do with Ramsay Macdonald.

So the donkey-boys were paid, and they led away the donkeys, and the juniors started to walk back to the quay, Bunter groaning and grouching as he rolled along.

"It's beastly hot!" he snapped. "This isn't a climate for walking in. Just like you fellows to land a fellow with a long walk in this filthy sun! Of all the beasts—"

"Oh, dry up, for goodness' sake!"

"Yah!"

An itinerant merchant stopped the juniors, displaying round sweet cakes threaded on a stick. Harry Wharton & Co. were not disposed to touch comestibles that had passed through dirty hands, and were sticky with flies, but Bunter stopped and eyed the cakes.

"I say, you fellows, let's sample these cakes! I'm hungry!"

"Oh, come on!"

"I tell you I'm hungry!"

"Are you ever anything else?" groaned Bob Cherry. "For goodness' sake buck up. I don't like the look of this place."

"Yah!"

Bunter negotiated with the merchant, and a cake was unthreaded from the stick, and he started on it. The Famous Five were looking round them.

The donkey-ride had landed them in the Arab quarter, and they could not help noticing that the streets were crowded, and that some sort of excitement was on.

Faces black and brown, and of every shade between black and brown crowded round them, and they observed glinting black eyes turned on them with very unfriendly looks.

A burly brown man, half Arab and half negro, lurched against Bob Cherry in passing, and almost knocked him over.

"Here, look out where you're going!" snapped Bob.

The man leered at him and moved on. Three or four natives called out to the juniors, words they did not understand, but evidently words of abuse. A stone flew from somewhere, and narrowly missed Bob.

"My hat! The sooner we get out of this the better," said Harry. "It looks as if some trouble's on."

"Come on, Bunter."

"No hurry," said Bunter. "These cakes are all right. I'm going to have another."

"Come on, you ass!"

"Shant! I'm going to have another cake. Here, where's that nigger gone? Where's that cake merchant?"

Bob grasped the fat junior by the arm.

"Come on, you ass! There's some trouble brewing about here. There may be a riot or something."

"Rats! If you're afraid, keep with me," said Bunter. "I'll protect you! Where's the man with the cakes?"

"Blow the man with the cakes! Will you come on, you ohump?"

"No, I won't—not till I've had another cake! You fellows ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourselves—afraid of a lot of niggers!" said Bunter contemptuously. "I'm not afraid of niggers. I— Yaroooooh!"

Bunter broke off suddenly as a stone whizzed through the air and caught him under his fat chin.

He stared round in alarm through his big spectacles. There were two or three dozen black and brown men round the juniors now, yelling opprobrious words, and the stone-throwing was beginning in earnest.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter, in alarm. "I—I say, you fellows, they're going to mob us! Help!"

"You fat idiot, shut up, and come on!"

Bunter started at a run. Now that he was aware that there was danger, he forgot that he was not afraid of a lot of niggers. He ran, and the juniors trotted. Shouts of mockery and derision followed them, and whizzing stones. Johnny Bull gave a yell as a flint caught him on the back of the head, and he turned round with clenched fist and blazing eyes. Wharton grabbed his arm and hurried him on.

"Put it on!" he panted. "Let's get out of this!"

"I'll jolly well—"

"Fathead! You can't scrap with half of Port Said! Put it on!"

The crowd had closed up behind the juniors and followed. Yells and howls and whizzing stones fairly rained on them. It went very much against the grain to run from the howling natives, but there was no help for it. The crowd was hundreds strong now, thickening every moment with new comers, who poured out of dark and noisome alleys. There was a crack of breaking windows from somewhere in the distance.

It was a riot!



This jolly book contains stories of Harry Wharton and Co. and Billy Bunter of Greyfriars.

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HOLIDAY ANNUAL

At all Newsagents and Booksellers—6/- net.

The juniors had read in the newspapers, before leaving England, of trouble in Egypt, rioting in Alexandria, in Cairo, and in Port Said. Now they were unexpectedly landed in it.

Nothing could have looked more peaceful and quiet than the aspect of the town, when they had landed from the yacht. But that peaceful aspect had been very deceptive. With its usual suddenness, a riot had broken out, and the native quarter was turning out to violence and plunder.

"My hat!" said Bob Cherry. "We're for it, you man, if we don't get out of this quick!"

"I say, you fellows—"

"Save your breath for running, fat-head!"

"I say, call a cab or something!" wailed Bunter.

"Put it on, ass!"

There was not a vehicle to be seen on the streets.

The shops were already closed, most of them. One shop they passed, apparently kept by a white man, was being looted, all sorts of things being tossed into the street, amid yells and wild uproar. Some of the pursuing mob stopped, to join in the looting; but dozens of yelling blacks and browns followed the English schoolboys, yelling, hooting, and hurling stones.

A half-naked native leaped in the way of the running juniors, whirling a stick over his head. The blow, if it had descended, would have fractured a skull. Bob Cherry ran in under the stick, and drove his fist under the black chin with all his strength. The black man went spinning backwards, and crashed on the ground.

There was a fierce yell from the mob, and they closed in on the juniors. With a howl of terror, Billy Bunter collapsed. Round him the Famous Five stood, with clenched fists, facing the enemy. The mob were all round them now, before and behind, and their retreat to the quay was cut off. Sticks and stones and the gleam of sharp steel circled the chums of Greyfriars.

"Stand to it, you men!" panted Wharton, as he drove his clenched fist into a gibbering black face.

"Back up, Greyfriars!" roared Bob Cherry.

There was a rush, and the juniors, standing shoulder to shoulder, faced it manfully, hitting out their hardest. Wild, menacing faces thronged round them; fierce black eyes glinted; stones and sticks and knives threatened them on all sides. The juniors knew that they were fighting for their lives now—that if they failed they would be stricken down, beaten and stabbed, crushed out of recognition under savage, trampling feet. With desperate courage they faced the swarming mob, and struck and struck again; but as the mob closed in on them, with savage howlings, they knew that they had no chance.

Suddenly, above the howling of the mob, came the sharp crack of a revolver, followed by crack on crack. A ruffian, who was aiming a knife at Wharton, fell at the junior's feet, screaming; another fell across him—another reeled back, howling; and the mob surged and receded as a tall figure reached the



The fly settled at last, and Bob Cherry let drive with the folded newspaper. **Smack!** "Yaroooh!" roared Bunter, as Bob caught him fair and square on the nose.

circled juniors. The cool face and glinting eyes of Ferrers Locke, the smoking revolver in his hand, drove back the howling mob. He reached the juniors and dragged Bunter to his feet.

"Come!"

And, with the detective's revolver holding back the howling, threatening mob, they ran for the quay, under a shower of stones.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Little Liveliness at Port Said!

IT was like a nightmare, or some ghastly scene from Dante's "Inferno," to the Greyfriars juniors, as they raced along. Port Said, which an hour ago had been shimmering in quiet under the blazing sun, seemed to have gone suddenly mad. Donkeys and donkey riders had vanished. The merchants with stacks of sweetmeats had gone. Shops were shut; doors locked and bolted, not a vehicle, not a car, was in the streets, save one big car that had been overturned by the mob and set on fire, and was now blazing almost sky-high in sheets of flaming petrol.

Men, white and black and brown, were running and scurrying for shelter. The smashing of windows rang from all quarters. In places, the air was thick with whistling stones.

from somewhere came the steady

crackle of rolling fire—the sound of soldiers firing on the mob. The juniors almost stumbled over a dark-faced figure, in white burnous, stretched in their way. It did not stir. It was a dead Arab, with a bullet-hole in his forehead. They shuddered and ran on.

Stones and whirling sticks assailed them. Twice came an ugly rush of rioters. The first receded before the threatening revolver of Locke, but the second he had to stop by shooting, and two yelling rioters rolled over like rabbits under his fire. The rest yelled and broke away, and the Greyfriars party rushed on breathlessly, the mob closing behind them, howling like hyenas and flinging stones.

Frank Nugent gave a sudden cry and reeled forward, falling to his knees. A stone had cut his head and he fainted him.

Wharton was at his side in a second. He grasped his comrade's arm and lifted him.

"Franky!" he panted.

Nugent staggered, but he pulled himself together with an effort.

"All right," he gasped. "I'll keep on!"

The blood was running down his face from the cut; but he ran on manfully, Wharton keeping hold of his arm and helping him.

They came suddenly on a crowd—a Frenchman defending himself with a

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walking stick, against three or four ruffians from the Arab quarter, gathered round him like tigers.

"A moi!" shouted the Frenchman at the sight of white faces. "Messieurs, a moi!"

"Pile in!" gasped Bob Cherry.

They rushed to the stranger's assistance. Locke struck down one of the ruffians with the barrel of his revolver, the rush of the juniors drove the others off. The Frenchman, with the politeness of his race, raised his hat and gasped, "Merci, messieurs!" before he started running, and vanished round a corner. The juniors ran on towards the quays.

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Keep on, Bunter!"

"I—I can't! I—I can't run any more. I—I—oh! Oh dear! Help I say, you fellows, don't leave me!"

Johnny Bull grasped one fat arm, Bob Cherry the other. Bunter was rushed on between them.

A long line of Egyptian police appeared. With yells and hoots and curses, hurling meat-throwing stones, the mob fell back before them. Ferrers Locke and the juniors hurried on, blinded with dust and burning sunshine, streaming with perspiration, dazed and dizzy from the wild excitement and deafening uproar. They gasped with relief when they found themselves, at last, in the boat, dancing out on the shimmering waters of the Bassin Ismail.

Bunter sank down in the bottom of the boat, squealing. Nugent sat with his handkerchief to the cut on his head, his face white as chalk.

Bob shook a fist back at the roaring city.

"By gum, I'd like to punch a few of their blackguardly heads!" he growled.

"Thank goodness we've got clear!" gasped Nugent.

"The thankfulness is terrific."

The juniors looked back from the boat. In two or three places fires were blazing, either from buildings or burning motor-cars. They could still hear the smashing of windows, and the roar of the mob came to their ears like the howling of wild beasts from a jungle. Above all other sounds rang the staccato rifle fire.

"What a day!" gasped Johnny Bull.

"What's it all about, Mr. Locke?" asked Bob.

Ferrers Locke's brows were knitted.

"It is a riot!" he answered. "The rioting was supposed to be over here, or I should not have allowed you ashore. Thank goodness I found you so quickly when I came to look for you. It is merely a riot—and it is about nothing in particular—"

"But they don't enjoy a beano like this every day, do they?" asked Bob. Locke smiled.

"No. It started in a political demonstration, and all the thieves and cut-throats in the Arab quarter seized the opportunity to turn out for violence and plunder. We were lucky to get clear—any white man falling into the hands of that mob will be massacred. The police and soldiers will drive them back to their dens before long."

"Some giddy political dispute going on?"

Locke nodded.

"But what about?"

"Political disputes in all countries generally have the same cause," answered Locke dryly. "The burning question, who shall have the handling and spending of the taxes. It is called by various fancy names, but it generally boils down to that."

"Well, we're well out of it," said Bob.

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"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Dying again, Bunter!"

"Beast!"

"Bunter's left without saying goodbye to his relations," remarked Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" hooted Bunter. "I say, you fellows, are we safe?"

"Safe as houses, fathead."

"Sure they can't chuck stones as far as this?"

"Yes, ass, we shall be on the yacht in another minute."

Bunter sat up.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "I say, you fellows, it's rather lucky that none of those stones hit me. Did you get a knock, Nugent?" Bunter noticed for the first time that Nugent was hurt.

"Ow! Yes!"

"Well, don't make a fuss about it," advised Bunter. "Lucky the stone hit you and not me, wasn't it?"

"You blithering idiot!"

"Oh, really, Nugent! I say, you fellows, keep a stiff upper lip," said Bunter. "Nothing to be afraid of. Don't be funky."

"Kill him, somebody!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I say, you fellows, I wish you hadn't dragged me away like that," said Bunter. "I'd much rather

wish you fellows hadn't been so jolly funky—"

"You fat dummy!"

"That's all very well, calling a fellow names. But getting into a funk and bolting from a lot of unwashed niggers like—"

"You frabjous chump!"

"I'd have protected you, if you hadn't got into a panic—"

"You benighted owl!"

"Well, all I can say is—yaroooooh! Leggo, you beasts! Oh orkey!"

Bump!

Billy Bunter sat down on the hard, unsympathetic deck. And the Suez Canal echoed to the sound of his roaring.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Only a Mirage!

FLAT and dreary, burning with heat, the desert stretched on either side of the great canal.

Once or twice the juniors sighted a caravan of camels and camel-riders wending its way through the desert. It was hot in the canal, very hot, and Hurroo Jamset Ram Singh basked in the heat and smiled with dusky contentment. But the other fellows found it too warm for comfort, especially Bunter. Bunter streamed with perspiration, grunted and grumbled and grouched, and carried on a perpetual warfare with the sun.

There were flies innumerable, and they seemed to like Bunter. They settled on him incessantly, and he smacked and smacked and smacked, and like Samson of old, slew his thousands and tens of thousands, but the survivors, who were countless, continued to give him their best attention. Wun Lung fanned himself contentedly with a Chinese fan, and he only chuckled when Bunter suggested that he should fan him, Bunter, instead. It was one more example of the selfishness to which Bunter was sadly accustomed.

"I say, you fellows, I can't stand this putrid heat!" groaned Bunter. "I say, when shall we get out of this beastly oven?"

"My dear man, it's going to get hotter and hotter," said Bob Cherry. "This isn't a patch on the Red Sea."

"The hotfulness will be truly terrific in the esteemed Red Sea, my ridiculous Bunter," said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Look here, then, can't we go some other way?" demanded Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. Look here, I didn't come on this voyage to be baked alive!" growled Bunter. "Why can't we go some other way instead of the Red Sea? Besides, the Red Sea isn't safe—that's where Pharaoh and the Egyptians were drowned!"

"There isn't any other way, fathead!" said Wharton. "If you paid any attention to Quelch when he was trying to teach you geography—"

"Blow Quelch, and blow geography," said Bunter crossly. "Blessed if I wouldn't rather be in the Form room at Greyfriars, with Quelch thrown in, than in this blinking oven. Isn't there any other way out of this rotten canal?"

"No, ass! If you turn to the left, you butt into Asia; if you turn to the right, you knock your nose on Africa. The Isthmus of Suez," said Bob, adopting the manner of Mr. Quelch in the Remove Form-room at Greyfriars, "is the spot where the two mighty continents of Asia and Africa meet. We must thank the genius of Monsieur de

STEP IN and WIN A WALLET

D. Magrath, of 1, Bridge Street,
Ballymena, Co. Antrim, Ireland,
who sent in the following clever
GREYFRIARS LIMERICK:

Said Bunter to Toddy one day:
"I fear that I'm fading away."
Said Peter: "That's rot!
You're not fading a jot.
You'll still weigh a ton when
you're grey!"

You supply the limerick and
I'll supply the wallet!

have stopped ashore and seen the fun. I'm not afraid of a lot of niggers."

Ferrers Locke gave the fat junior a glance.

"If you would like to go ashore, Bunter—"

"Eh? Oh! No! No fear! I say, don't you get turning back!" howled Bunter, in alarm.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The boat bumped on the Silver Star, and Billy Bunter was the first to scramble on board. Harry Wharton went below with Nugent to bind up the cut on his head. Most of the juniors had bumps and bruises to remind them of their run ashore at Port Said. And keen as they were to see the sights of foreign lands, they were not keen on another run ashore in the land of the Pharaohs.

Neither were they sorry when, the next day, the Silver Star steamed out of the Bassin Ismail and entered the canal. Billy Bunter blinked back at Port Said as it disappeared in the burning sunlight. There was a regretful expression on his fat face.

"It was a jolly good cake!" he said.

"What?"

"And I only had one!" said Bunter.

"Oh!"

"We might have brought a few dozen on board," said Bunter peevishly. "I tell you, it was a jolly good cake! Sticky, if you like, but jolly good. I

Lessons for the existence of the wonderful canal, which in our time provides a safe and convenient passage from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. Previously the voyage to India necessitated a long journey round the continent of Africa, with the dangers and perils of rounding the Cape of Good Hope. But in our time, my beloved 'earers—"

"Oh, shut up!" howled Bunter. "Look here, why can't we take that other canal?"

"Which other?" gasped Bob.

"That one!" snorted Bunter, pointing to the Asiatic shore. "Bhnd? Can't you see it, and a steamer going along it, fathead?"

"Great Scott!"

The juniors stared in the direction of Bunter's pointing fat finger. On the Asiatic shore of the canal, they expected to see nothing but the dreary, sandy desert, with the dim and dusty hills in the distance.

To their amazement, a long shining canal stretched before their view, with a trim, handsome steam yacht gliding along under a burning sky.

"What the thump—" ejaculated Wharton.

"Blessed if I knew there was another canal here!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I've never heard of it!"

"Lots of things you've never heard of," answered Bunter. "I knew all about it, I can tell you. I know it before we started."

"That steamer's a twin of the Silver Star," said Bob, staring at the steam yacht in the distance, "a regular twin!"

"What the dickens—"

"Well, look here, I dare say that new canal is a short cut," said Bunter. "I think we ought to go that way. I'm going to ask Mr. Locke. I dare say he's never heard of it before."

Ferrers Locke was standing by the rail, gazing in the direction of that wonderful new canal. Bunter rolled over to him.

"I say, Mr. Locke! Can't we go that way?" he asked.

Locke glanced at him.

"Which way, Bunter?" he asked.

The Owl of the Remove pointed.

"That way—that new canal! Very likely it's a short cut."

The detective laughed.

"We should find some little difficulty in steaming that way, Bunter," he answered. "The Silver Star was not designed for travelling overland."

"Overland?" booted Bunter. "But it's a canal. Can't you see that ship on it?"

"Quite!" assented Locke. "That ship, Bunter, is the Silver Star."

"Eh?"

"It is a mirage!" said Ferrers Locke.

"A—a mirage?"

"Exactly!"

Bunter blinked at him, and blinked at the visionary canal pictured on the dreary sand and scrub of the plain of Pelusium.

"M-m-mean to say, that's not a real canal?" he gasped.

"Nothing of the kind! It is a mirage—a vision of the desert. In a few minutes it will vanish."

"Rot!"

"What?"

"I—I mean, I believe it's a real canal!" gasped Bunter. He rolled back to the group of juniors. "I say, you fellows, it's a canal all right. Locke doesn't know what he's talking about. I knew all about that canal before we started. I think I'd better teach you fellows a few geography lessons—and Locke, too!"

"Shut up, fathead! It's a mirage, of course," said Bob. "That ship we

can't see is the Silver Star; and that canal is the canal we're passing through now—"

"Rubbish!" said Bunter.

"Why, I can make out the fellows on her deck now!" exclaimed Bob. "One of them is a fat porpoise in goggles—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"If there's another canal, and another Silver Star, there isn't another Bunter," chuckled Johnny Bull. "Bunter's the one and only. So it's a mirage."

"Bosh!" said Bunter. "I'll bet you ten to one, in quids, that it's a real canal."

"Whose quids?"

"Beast!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove seemed hardly able to believe either his eyes or his spectacles. He blinked blankly at the empty desert where the strange vision had been.

"I—I say, you fellows—"

"Fathead."

"I—I say, I—I knew it was a mirage all the time, you know. Only pulling your leg! He, he, he! I'll bet I made you believe I thought it was a real canal. He, he, he!"

"Why, you prevaricating porpoise—"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"You flabby fibber—"

"Yah!"

"Kick him, somebody!"

GREYFRIARS CORRESPONDENTS.

No. 11.

Bunter wouldn't melt in Gerald Loder's mouth... at least, his relations apparently think so. Unfortunately, we know him of old, and so does our Greyfriars Rhymester, who chooses him as his subject for this week.



*I'm writing, my dear Aunt Priscilla,
A letter that's long overdue,
Because in my heart I have still a
Soft spot and warm corner for you.*

*My uncles are mean with their money,
And banknotes they seldom bestow;
But you, Auntie dear, are a "honey"—
YOU'LL send me a five, I know!*

*It will not be wasted on pleasure,
Or frittered away on good times;
I've neither the liking nor leisure
For gambling, or shady pastimes.
I've never attended the races,
Or followed the form of the "gee";
I patronise no drinking-places
Unless they are clearly marked
"T.B.S."*

*Then how shall I use your donation?
I'll play a philanthropist's part,
By giving a big celebration
To half the Remove, for a start!
To Wharton and Cherry and Nugent
And Bunter, and both of the Todds.
I'll act like a trump and a true gent,
And give them a feast of the gods!*

*You see, Auntie dear, I adore them,
I think they are sweet little chaps;
There's nothing I wouldn't do for them,
I never chastise them with straps!
My ashplant is still in the cupboard,
I now never need it, you know;
The last time a naughty boy blubbered
Beneath it, was ages ago!*

*As soon as I've done entertaining
The boys I admire and adore,
I'll use all the money remaining
To brighten the lives of the poor.
I'll cycle at once into Courtfield
And round up the waifs in the street;
There's a circus and fair in the sport-
field,
I'll stand them a jolly good treat!*

*And now I must finish this ramble,
The post will be gone in a tick;
And it will be rather a scramble—
I'll manage it, though, if I'm quick.
Now, please don't forget that donation,
I love making other chaps merry;
I remain, in serene expectation,
Your ever affectionate GERRY.*

The yacht glided on through the canal, the juniors curiously watching the strange vision on the Asiatic shore. They knew now that it was a mirage; a visionary reproduction of the canal through which they were passing, and of the ship on which they were standing.

Suddenly, with startling suddenness, the vision vanished, as the yacht glided onward; and where it had been, stretched the dreary desert of sand and scrub.

Billy Bunter jumped.

"Oh crikey! I—I say, you fellows, where's it gone?" he gasped.

"You fat ass, it was a mirage—and it's vanished. Although you knew all about that new canal before we started!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter hastily retreated. He flopped into a deckchair, fanned himself with a newspaper, perspired and groaned. It was hot—in fact, it was frightfully hot. And the flies still loved Bunter. They seemed to find some attraction in his fat, flabby, and perspiring countenance. He smacked, and smacked again.

A particularly persistent insect landed on his fat, little nose. Again and again Bunter brushed it off, again and again the persistent visitor returned.

"I say, you fellows!" groaned Bunter.

"Oh, give us a rest, old fat bean!"

"Look here, swat that fly for me," said Bunter angrily. "I'm being stung to death by flies, and you fellows don't
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care a rap! After all I've done for you—"

"Oh, give me the newspaper!" said Bob resignedly.

"It's gone now—no, there it comes again—the beast keeps on settling on my nose!" groaned Bunter.

"I'll get him!"

Bob folded the newspaper, grasped it, and watched for the obnoxious fly to settle. It settled!

Bang!

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

The fly disappeared into sudden annihilation. Bob had caught him fair and square with the folded newspaper. As the fly had been on Bunter's nose, Bob had naturally caught the nose fair and square, too. That really was unavoidable.

The yell that emanated from Billy Bunter awoke the echoes of Asia and Africa.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the row now?"

"Wow! Ow! Wow!"

"I've swatted the fly—"

"Wow! My nose! Ow! You've smashed my nose! Wow! Yaroooh! Beast! Oh, my nose! Wow! My nose!"

"Oh, blow your nose!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Bunter clasped his fat nose with both fat hands, and spluttered.

"There's another fly, settling on your chin," said Bob, lifting his hand for a mighty smite. "Keep still! I'll get him!"

"Beast! Keep off!"

Bunter squirmed out of the deck-chair and fled. He did not want any more flies swatted.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

In the Shadow of Death!

FERRERS LOCKE stood with the binoculars to his eyes, staring into the burning blue. For long minutes he had stood, and the Greyfriars fellows watched him curiously. Something in the burning sky had drawn the attention of the detective; something that caused his face to set grimly.

"What's up?" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Something!" said Harry.

"I fancy we're going to have a storm," said Johnny Bull. "My hat! I'd like to feel the wind blow!"

It had been hot in the Suez Canal, and hot in the Gulf of Suez. But it was hotter in the Red Sea.

This particular afternoon was the hottest the Greyfriars fellows had experienced. The sea was like glass. The sky was a burning blue bowl; the sun a flaming ball of copper. Not a cloud was to be seen on the blue expanse overhead; only, far off to the south, the sky was leaden instead of blue. The juniors felt instinctively that it was the calm before the storm—that a sudden and fierce outbreak of the elements was coming. It seemed as if all Nature had come to a breathless pause.

Through the aching heat the Silver Star churned on, her long wake trailing behind, the only sign of movement on the still waters. And the juniors looked towards the leaden hue that was spreading up the sky on the south, and guessed that the trouble would come from that direction.

But it was not to the south that Ferrers Locke was looking. With the glasses glued to his eyes, he was watching the northern horizon. The juniors saw his lips set hard.

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Only Billy Bunter was taking no heed. Bunter was stretched in a canvas chair in a state of groaning collapse.

Locke lowered the glasses at last. His face was grim. He spoke to Mr. Green in a low voice, and the mate stared at the northern sky and gave a low whistle.

The Silver Star was going full speed ahead. The yacht throbbed with the effort of the engines. On deck it was hot. The juniors hardly liked to think what it was like in the engine-room. The Silver Star cleaved the water like an arrow.

"What the dickens is up?" muttered Nugent. "Locke seems jolly serious about something."

"Goodness knows!"

The Baker Street detective did not speak to the juniors. Whatever it was he had seen on the northern horizon, he did not tell them what it was. He paced the deck with a grim, set face, every now and then lifting the glasses to watch the sky again.

"Can't be any of those blighters after us!" said Bob. "That sportsman at Malta—Tang Lao—couldn't possibly get after us. We've left him right behind."

"Can't make it out," said Harry.

The juniors watched the sky to the north anxiously, forgetting, for the moment, the storm that was brewing in the other direction.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that a bird?"

"It's something—"

"My hat! It's a plane!"

"Oh!"

What Locke had seen through the glasses was now becoming visible to the naked eye. A gleaming shape loomed through the burning blue.

It came from the north—from the Europe that the voyagers had left far behind. And the Famous Five started, and looked at one another. They knew what was in Locke's mind.

"My hat!" breathed Bob. "If that's the Chinese merchant after us in a plane—"

"Phew!"

Ferrers Locke turned to the school boys.

"Do not jump to conclusions, my boys," he said. "There are many planes crossing this part of the world in these days. It is quite possible that that aeroplane has nothing to do with us."

"We're not scared, sir," said Bob cheerily.

"The scarefulness is not terrific, honoured sahib," said Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

But the juniors' hearts were beating fast. Possibly the plane was heading for Aden, on business that had nothing to do with the Greyfriars party or the yacht. But they were aware of the suspicion that was in the detective's mind and they shared it.

Tang Lao, the son of Tang Wang, had been left hopelessly behind at Malta, so far as ordinary means of travel were concerned. It was likely, too, that he had waited some days, at least, for news of Giuseppe Sasso and the felucca—news that he would never receive. But sooner or later he could have learned, easily enough, that the Silver Star had passed Port Said and entered the Suez Canal. And if he planned to pursue her, there was only one way—by air! And the conviction was borne in on every mind that the plane gleaming down from the north contained the son of Tang Wang.

They watched it in silence. The yacht was fast; but her speed, of course, was nothing to that of a plane. If Tang Lao was in pursuit in the air, there was no escaping that pursuit.

"Listen!" murmured Bob.

They could hear the drone of the

plane's engine now. It came through the aching heat like the buzzing of angry bees.

The plane was flying low, and in full, clear sight. The juniors watched it, fascinated. If the Chinaman was in it, what was his intention?

Not merely to pursue the yacht to watch the voyagers. Not merely to get ahead of them to prepare some ambush in the Eastern seas. If that had been the Chinaman's intention, he need not have followed the length of the Red Sea; he could have cut across the Asiatic mainland and saved hundreds of miles, if he had only desired to get ahead of the voyagers. All the juniors knew that if the plane held an enemy it meant an attack—an attack from the air—it meant falling bombs!

Their hearts throbbed.

Against such an attack the yacht was totally helpless. The largest and proudest battleship would have been as helpless as the Silver Star. A battleship certainly would have had anti-aircraft guns—about as dangerous as pea-shooters to a scarcely-seen enemy dodging far up in the sky. The yacht, indeed, was safer than a big ship. She was small, offered infinitely less surface to falling bombs, and had a sporting chance of dodging.

But the chance was slim.

Deeper and louder came the drone from the plane. Sharper and clearer its outlines grew to the eye.

"They're after us!" said Bob.

There was no doubt of it. Twice the yacht had swerved from her course, and each time the plane had followed. The yacht was seen, watched from the still, distant plane—watched and pursued. There was no shadow of doubt now that the plane was an enemy.

Deeper boomed the deadly drone from the sky.

"I say, you fellows," came an irritated squawk from Bunter—"I say, what's that beastly row? Sounds like a lot of bees."

The juniors did not answer Bunter. There was no need to frighten him until it could no longer be helped.

They watched the gleaming plane.

Zooooooooom!

"I say, you fellows, is that a plane?" grunted Bunter.

"Yes."

"It's a beastly row! No getting away from beastly planes anywhere," said Bunter peevishly. "Blow 'em! Can't even let a fellow go to sleep."

The yacht tore on. Round the Silver Star gleamed the waters of the Red Sea, at this point, between Yemen and Eritrea, a hundred miles wide. Far in the distance was a blur of smoke from some steamer, the vessel itself out of sight. On the south, from the direction of the Strait of Babel-Mandeb, the leaden hue was spreading higher in the sky. A faint puff of wind came, breaking the aching calm. But the juniors did not heed or note it, their eyes were fixed on the approaching plane.

Billy Bunter gave an irritable grunt, and lifted himself out of the deckchair. He blinked at the plane through his big spectacles. Then he blinked at the Greyfriars fellows.

"What are you all looking like a set of boiled omelets for?" he asked. "Haven't you ever seen a plane before?"

"Better go below, old bean," said Wharton gently.

"Eh? Why? It's hotter below."

"Have a nap in your berth, old chap," said Bob Cherry, and his voice, too, was gentle.

"Shan't!" said Bunter. He blinked suspiciously at the juniors. "What do you want to get rid of me for, you beasts?"

The juniors did not answer that. They would have been glad to spare Bunter as long as possible. For every fellow knew that, as the yacht tore on in the blaze of the sun, they were passing through the valley of the shadow of death.

Bunter blinked at them, puzzled, and then blinked at the aeroplane. The truth dawned in his mind, and his fat face became like chalk and his podgy knees knocked together.

"Oh!" he gasped.

"Quiet, old chap," said Harry.

"That—that—that plane is after us!" gasped Bunter.

"Looks like it."

"Oh! Ow! I—I say, you fellows, they—they—they'll sink us!" stuttered Bunter, through his chattering teeth. "We—we can't do anything against a plane! Oh crikey!"

"Keep a stiff upper lip, old man! We're not sunk yet!"

"Oh! Ow! I—I say, you fellows, I—



"Help, you fellows!" yelled Bunter, dashing after Harry Wharton & Co. with the enraged Chinese market-gardener hard on his heels. "Yoop! Whoop! Help! Murder! Fire!"

"I want to get ashore!" howled Bunter. "I say—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"The stiff upper lip is the proper caper, my ridiculous Bunter," said Hurren Jamset Ram Singh. The nabob's own dusky face was as calm as an image of bronze.

"Yaroooooh."

Bunter made a rush for the companion. There was a bump at the bottom of the saloon stairs. A howl floated up from below.

"Poor old Bunter!" said Bob.

The juniors forgot Bunter the next moment. The drone of the plane was a roar in their ears now. They were keeping cool, though their hearts beat fast. Ferrers Locke's face was calm; almost expressionless; the mate's hard-set. All the crew were on deck now, watching the plane—quietly, grimly. There was no sign of panic on the yacht, though all knew what was coming.

Overhead, the plane droned and roomed. It was flying so low that the juniors, staring up with fascinated eyes, could make out almost every detail of the fuselage. Ferrers Locke turned to the juniors.

"Please go below!" he said.

Harry Wharton & Co. would have preferred to look the danger in the face.

But they obeyed the detective unquestioningly. Only Wun Lung stopped, and lightly touched Locke's arm.

"Games up, sir!" said the Chinese junior. His yellow face was perfectly calm. "A'lee up, sir!"

"Not yet!" said Locke.

"No tinkoo, sir! A'lee up!" Wun Lung pointed to the plane. "Tang Lao along that plane, sir! He wantee killy this Chinee. No wantee killy other feller. You savvy, sir? S'pooce killy this Chinee, no wantee killy my friends."

Locke gave him a curious look.

"Well?" he asked.

"Boutee!" said Wun Lung. "You puttee this Chinee along boat—leavee me! Saves all my friends; you savvy? Tang Lao wantee me—only me! He gettee me along boat! Savvy?"

Locke smiled faintly. It was certain, in the mind of Wun Lung that the yacht was doomed, that destruction was about to overwhelm the ship and all her company. They could not save him—but he could save them, for if he was left behind in the boat, the yacht would have no further interest for Tang Lao. The son of the mandarin would deal with the boat and its occupant, promptly, ruthlessly, but the yacht and all the rest would escape. Wun Lung's almond eyes were fixed earnestly on the face of the Baker Street detective.

"You are a brave lad, Wun Lung," said Ferrers Locke. "A brave and gallant lad! But we sink or swim

together! And we have many chances—the game is not up yet, as you think! The game is very far from up! Go below, my boy!"

Wun Lung went silently after the juniors. The yacht echoed to the zoom of the plane roaring above. Mingled with the roar of the plane, came a deep muttering from the south—the mutter of thunder. The sea, which had been almost as smooth as glass, was suddenly agitated. The squall—one of the sudden squalls of the Red Sea—was at hand.

Zoooooom!

"We're for it!" said Bob Cherry quietly.

And the juniors, in silence, braced themselves to face what was coming—what they knew must come.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

In Direct Peril!

CRASH!

It was a rending, shattering crash, shaking the air, the sea, the ship. To the deafened ears of the juniors, it seemed like the crack of doom.

The Silver Star was not speeding straight on her course now. She was zigzagging swiftly, winding and circling, like a pigeon seeking to escape the swoop of a hawk. All that coolness, courage, and seamanship could do

to save the yacht would be done; and Ferrers Locke was doing it. And the falling bomb had missed, and plunged into the sea, though the force of the explosion made the vessel reel.

The juniors caught their breath.

The roar of the explosion deafened them, and rang and throbbed in their ears. Deep and menacing came the boom of the circling plane.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Cherry.

Wharton set his teeth, his eyes blazing. He longed to be within reach of the assassins of the air. It was maddening to be cooped up, powerless, unable to strike a blow in defence of life.

Locke had sent the juniors below to escape rifle-fire or machine-gunning. But the weapons used by the enemy were more deadly and searching. Tang Lao, worthy son of Tang Wang, was leaving nothing to chance. He was seeking to bomb the yacht; and if one bomb struck, it was the end of all things for the vessel and all her crew.

"That was a miss, anyhow!" muttered Johnny Bull.

"The missfulness is as good as the esteemed usefulness!" murmured the nabob of Bhanipur.

"I say, you fellows!" came a faint wail from Bunter. Bunter was in a state of collapse on a settee.

"Brace up, old bean!" said Bob.

"Oh dear! I wish I was at Greyfriars! I wish I was at home! I wish I hadn't come! I wish——"

"The wishfulness is truly terrific!"

"Oh dear! Oh crikey! Ow!"

Bunter groaned dismally.

"We're moving!" said Bob, with a faint grin. The yacht throbbed with the effort of the engines, and it was strangely like the wild beating of the heart of a hunted animal.

"My hat! Is it getting dark?" exclaimed Nugent.

"Can't be—it is, though," said Bob, staring up at the skylight. "Oht! it's the jolly old hurricane coming on! B called if I hadn't forgotten all about the weather."

A deep and terrible roll of thunder, poaling over the sea, drowned for a few moments the boom of the buzzing plane. Roll on roll of thunder followed, and sheets of lightning blazed across a sky that had darkened, and was still darkening.

The yacht rocked and pitched, as she circled swiftly to escape the perils from above. The juniors could hear the roar of the wind, which came with the tempest; a wild, tearing wind, that lashed the sea into hills of foam.

"Oh crikey!" ejaculated Nugent, catching at the table for support, as the floor slanted and reeled under their feet. "This is getting thick."

"This is our busy day!" said Bob.

Crash!

Above the roar of the fierce wind, the boom of the sea, the throb of the engines, the boom of the plane, came the deafening crash of a second explosion. The yacht rocked and reeled, and the juniors were pitched right and left, clinging to anything that came to hand. There was a howl from Bunter as he rolled off the settee, and skidded across the saloon.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Hold on!"

"Ow! Wow! Help! Whoooooop!"

Harry Wharton clambered up the saloon stairs, on his hands and knees. The yacht was pitching like a cork on the waves. He held on, and stared out on deck, and at the sky. The plane was so near, so low, that it startled him to see it. But in the time that the juniors had been below, an

amazing change had come over sky and

The sky, that had been blue, and burning with sunlight, was almost inky black; the sea was tossing in mountains of foam and spray. The wind tore fiercely across the yacht, lashing the spindrift into the faces of the men on deck. The hurricane had broken suddenly, sweeping down on the sea like an unclaimed demon; and the yacht tossed and plunged in the midst of pandemonium.

Still the engines throbbed full steam ahead, still the Silver Star cleaved the waters like an arrow, with great green seas boiling over her rail.

Wharton glimpsed the face of Ferrers Locke. It was hard and set; the eyes gleaming. It seemed to Wharton that there was triumph in Locke's eyes, and he wondered. Twice the yacht had escaped the horror from above; but a third time—Then, as he stared at the reeling plane, he knew. The enemy was not attacking now. The plane was in trouble. The immense stretch of wing was at the mercy of the tearing wind, which struck with the force of a thousand battering-rams. The plane was not attacking now—it was climbing—or seeking to climb!

The yacht rushed on.

Wharton plunged out on deck. The wind flung him over like a skittle, catching him like a blow from a giant's fist.

He staggered and fell, scrambled up and held on, and stared at the plane. It was astern now—climbing, heedless of the yacht. A few moments more, and the inky blackness of the sky swallowed it from sight.

The Silver Star sped on.

Wharton clung to the rail, heedless of the seas that drenched him, staring into the inky darkness where the plane had vanished. He found Bob Cherry beside him. Bob shouted something, but it was carried away by the wind. He pointed.

Across the blackened heavens a shoot of lightning swept and dazzled, changing the darkness to a lurid, unearthly light. It showed up the tossing sea, the waste of foaming waters, and it showed a torn and crippled shape that plunged helplessly down like a wounded bird. With eyes fascinated by horror Wharton saw it strike the waves that reared up to meet it. Then all was darkness again.

He held on to the rail, his heart pounding. Again the lightning came, not in flashes, but in a blinding sheet, covering the sea with spectral light. Before it faded he glimpsed a shapeless wreck that tossed and tumbled, breaking and rending in the shattering seas. Then darkness once more swallowed the scene, and Wharton knew that his eyes, and all eyes, had looked their last on the plane.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Across to Singapore.

"I SAY, you fellows——"

"All serene, latty!"

"Is—is—is it gone?"

"The gonefulness is terrific, my esteemed fat Bunter!"

"Oh dear!" groaned Bunter.

He sat up feebly.

Bright sunshine streamed down again on the gliding yacht. For an hour a pall of inky blackness had hung over the sky; but the hurricane had swiftly blown itself out. The sea still bellowed and foamed round the Silver Star; but the clouds were scurrying away to the north, and the sun blazed down on the Red Sea.

"Sure it's gone?" asked Bunter.

"Quite!" answered Harry.

"Well, where has it gone?" asked Bunter doubtfully.

"It's gone after Pharaoh's giddy chariots," said Bob Cherry. "It's at the bottom of the Red Sea, old bean!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

The juniors' faces were grave. The hurricane had wrecked the plane, and what was left of it floated in fragments far behind the Silver Star.

"We've had a jolly narrow escape!" said Bob Cherry soberly. "The storm saved us. I suppose Mr. Locke was counting on that! But for the hurricane——"

"They were too jolly keen on bombing us," said Johnny Bull. "If they'd climbed sooner they'd have had to let us go; but they might have got clear. This is another dot in the eye for Mr. Tang Wang!"

"Let's hope he will get fed up and chuck it!" said Nugent.

Wun Lung grinned.

"No tinkce!" he said.

And the juniors did not think so, either. They could have little doubt that all the way to China they would be dogged by the enmity of the mandarin and the "tong" of which he was the chief.

On the following day the yacht passed the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, the "Gate of Tears," and entered the Gulf of Aden.

At Aden there was a stop, but a brief one; and then the Silver Star stretched on across the Arabian Sea.

The Indian Ocean lay before them now—a long, long stretch out of sight of land.

But all the Greyfriars fellows were glad when the long, long stretch of the Indian Ocean lay behind, and land was in sight again.

They passed the strait between the Nicobar Islands and Sumatra at last, and steamed on to Penang. And the juniors watched with eager eyes the hills, covered with tropical verdure, as they steamed along the island.

The yacht was stopping at Penang, and they were to have a run ashore, and it was a happy prospect to stretch their legs on land once more.

Sampana surrounded the yacht at once in the harbour. On one of them was a canvas sign, written in English, which made the juniors chuckle. It ran:

"Please for stepp along this fine boat quick and safe and speak English!"

"Oh, my hat! ejaculated Bob Cherry. "If that sportsman speaks English as well as he writes it, he must be a corker!"

A grinning Malay looked up at the faces along the rail.

"Speak English!" he called out.

"Yes! Fine boat! You come. God save a king! Yes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's!" said Bob. "I like hearing him speak English—is boats inky hollow?"

"My esteemed Bob——"

"Fine boat, sar! Speak English a treat! God save a king! Yes, sar!"

"We will take this sampan," said Ferrers Locke, with a smile. "Wun Lung had better remain on board. There are very many Chinese in Penang, and some of them may be members of Tang Wang's 'tong.'"

"A lee light," said Wun Lung.

"I say, you fellows——"

"Roll in, Bunter! Don't jump!"

"Eh! Why not?" demanded Bunter.

(Continued on page 25.)

THERE'S REELS OF THRILLS IN THIS GREAT WAR STORY!

THE FLYING SPY!

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

INTRODUCTION ON PAGE 26.)

Already Guy Tempest has heard sentence of death pronounced upon him in a German prison. Now he stands faced with the prospect of being tried for his life by his own countrymen!

The Cunning of Pedlar Zor.

GUY had staggered to his feet, and at the words he stood staring at Pedlar Zor in undisguised astonishment.

Kicking shut the door behind him, Captain Stuart, aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Clayton, advanced into the room.

"Major Tempest," he said sternly, his gun still covering Pedlar Zor, "what is the meaning of this?"

Guy sensed the cold, suspicious hostility in the tones of the aide-de-camp.

"I know nothing," he responded shakily, "beyond that I woke up to find myself being attacked by this man. He got me in the shoulder."

Pedlar Zor laughed quietly.

"Why lie, comrade?" he asked. "Can you not see that the game is up?"

"What do you mean?" demanded the boy hoarsely.

"I mean," replied Pedlar Zor venomously, "that you might as well speak the truth and tell this pig of an Engländer that you are still a German in the pay of the Fatherland!"

"You lying hound!" blazed the boy.

With a shrug of his shoulder Pedlar Zor glanced at Captain Stuart, his attitude betokening a contempt for Guy Tempest as plainly as any spoken word could have done.

For a moment the aide-de-camp stood irresolute, then, backing to the door, he groped behind him with his hand and pulled it open. Still keeping Pedlar Zor covered, he called loudly for the guard, and a sentry came up at the double.

"Send an escort here at once!" said Captain Stuart sternly, "and have Brigadier-General Clayton informed that his presence is required here immediately."

The sentry saluted and departed, running towards the guard-room.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Captain Stuart coldly, turning again to Pedlar Zor, "that Major Tempest is in the pay of Germany?"

"I do!" answered the man defiantly.

"And what of yourself?"

"I also serve the Fatherland."

"Then how," demanded Captain Stuart sharply, "does it happen that you have attacked and wounded Major Tempest?"

"We quarrelled," replied Pedlar Zor sullenly. "I came here to-night to give him a certain package and to receive in exchange a certain sum of money. The money was not forthcoming. He refused to give it me—"

"You liar!" cried the boy.

"Silence!" rapped Captain Stuart; then to Pedlar Zor: "Where is this package of which you speak?"

The man gestured towards the dressing-table, where lay a thin, sealed package which Guy was certain had not been there when he turned in.

Stepping forward, Captain Stuart



Guy fired his Very pistol, and within a few moments the little scout was burning furiously!

picked up the package and glanced at the superscription, which was written in ink:

"To Be Delivered By
Major Guy Tempest.

To

The Commandante,
No. 7 Bombing Squadron,
Mannheim Aerodrome."

With face which was of a sudden strangely pale and set Captain Stuart ripped open the envelope and withdrew the folded plan of British Wing Headquarters at Le Courban—the plan which had taken Hans Offer eight long and laborious months to complete.

For a moment the captain studied it intently, then raised his eyes to those of Guy Tempest.

"What do you know of this?" he demanded harshly.

"Merely that it is a vile plot to discredit me in British eyes," retorted the boy.

Yes, a vile plot, indeed—Guy could see it all. Having failed to get him with the knife, and knowing that should he be captured his life would be forfeit, Pedlar Zor had come prepared to in-

volve the boy in his own doom by claiming him as comrade and confederate of his.

Ah, the devilish cunning of it! Guy's brain worked rapidly. Any moment would see the arrival of the escort, and that would mean his arrest. For the boy realised to the full the cruelly false position in which he had been placed by the accusation of Pedlar Zor.

There was bound to be a court martial on himself as well as on the murderous spy. And what evidence could he produce to prove that he was in no way an associate of Pedlar Zor, but merely the victim of that cunning rogue's lying tongue?

No evidence at all.

For three long years, as the Hauptmann Guido von Sturm, he had waged merciless warfare against the Engländer above the battle smoke of the Western Front. He had been German in all of his birth.

And he was a German still. If Pedlar Zor was to be believed.

The man would be believed. For, apart from anything else, there was the THE MAGNET LIBRARY—No. 1179.

damning evidence of the package addressed to the commandants of the German aerodrome at Mannheim.

A few days before, in the grim Graustrasse barracks, Guy Tempest had stood on trial for his life, and heard sentence of death pronounced against him. Now, by this strange turn of the wheel of Fate, he stood faced with the prospect of again being tried for his life, but this time by those who were his own countrymen.

Even now Guy knew what the verdict must be. He would be adjudged a German spy, who, by professing to believe that his father was Colonel Tempest, had ingratiated himself into the confidence of the British.

There could be but one punishment for such a crime—he would be shot. And in death Pedlar Zor would have the satisfaction of knowing that, accompanying him down into the gray valley of shadows from which there is no return, would be the man whom he had crossed the British lines to kill.

The boy's case was hopeless, should it ever come for trial.

Should it ever come for trial—

Without warning, Guy sprang forward. His clenched fist took the aide-de-camp on the side of the jaw, sending that individual staggering back. Next instant, forgetful of his wounded shoulder, the boy was out in the night, running madly towards the hangar where was housed his super-powered Sopwythe scout.

Behind him sounded a shot; but pursuit did not come at once. Although Guy did not know it then, it was Pedlar Zor who, in a desperate attempt to save his own wretched life, had unwittingly come to his assistance.

For, before the aide-de-camp could recover himself, Pedlar Zor had dashed out of the room, hard on the heels of Guy. Instinctively the spy turned in the direction of the road which led past wing headquarters towards the village.

The shot fired by the aide-de-camp sounded the alarm. Doubling like a hunted animal, Pedlar Zor evaded the escort which was running from the direction of the guard-room.

"Stop that man!" shouted the aide-de-camp.

One of the guard whipped his rifle to his shoulder, aiming at the shadowy, running form in the darkness ahead.

Crack!

Simultaneously with the report, the darkness was split by a lurid, stabbing tongue of flame. With a scream, Pedlar Zor flung up his arms, spun round, then fell a limp and lifeless heap.

Thus passed the emissary of Zolhoff, and—mark well the irony of Fate—by the very nature of his passing he opened the way of escape for Guy Tempest.

For it was some moments before the aide-de-camp could explain to the bewildered escort that somewhere in the camp there was another man—Guy Tempest—at large.

By this time Guy had reached the hangars, the doors of which, on these fine, warm nights, were never closed. Leaping for the forward cockpit of the scarlet Sopwythe scout, the boy switched on. Dropping to the ground, he swung on the propeller heavily with his undamaged arm.

The engine picked up with a sudden, shattering, reverberating roar, and, leaping for the cockpit again, Guy closed down the throttle. A precious moment he spent in snatching a pair of oil-stained dungarees from the nail on which they were hanging.

Swinging himself up into the cockpit, he gave the scout full throttle. The roar of the engine rose to a deep, pulsating, thunderous rhythm, and the scarlet scout moved forward from out of the hangar.

The noise of the engine was bringing the escort on the run, and as the scout moved across the tarmac they rounded the hangar. The blow which he had received from the clenched fist of Guy Tempest, and the frenzied dash for freedom, had removed any doubt which might have existed in the mind of the aide-de-camp that the boy was the despicable traitor which Pedlar Zor had made him out to be.

So it was without compunction that he rapped out the order:

"Fire!"

Above the roar of the scout's engine sounded the crash of musketry, and the darkness was split by livid flame. But already the scout was thundering away into the night, presenting a swift-moving and elusive target. The tail came up, and as the haggard-faced boy in the cockpit eased back the control-stick, the machine bored up into the night sky in a steep, upward climb.

Again from the tarmac below came the flash of exploding rifles. But by this time the machine was out of range, and, high in the darkness, the thunderous beat of its engine died slowly away.

The Outcast!

WHERE lay safety for one who was now a hunted outcast—one who was wanted both by British and by Boche?

That question was uppermost in the mind of Guy Tempest as he roared on through the night, flying blindly and taking no heed at all as to his compass course. It was a question urgently requiring answer, but the boy knew that equally urgent was the need to have his wounded shoulder dressed.

Dawn was yet two hours distant, and until then he was reasonably safe. Pressing on the rudder bar, he swung the machine westwards and flew on, heading into the heart of France and away from the battle line.

For some thirty minutes he held his course, and during that time there were periods when he flew solely by the instinct which comes to every fighting pilot. He was weak from loss of blood, and literally stunned by the suddenness of this disaster which had overtaken him.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Brought down in British territory, Guido van Sturm, a brilliant flying ace, is told to his dismay that he is Guy Tempest—an Englishman—son of Colonel Tempest. Obtaining permission from the British authorities, Guy visits Dr. Zolhoff, his guardian. The latter, who is chief of the German Secret Service, is forced to admit the truth. Overpowering the doctor, Guy gets away with a paper containing information of the most vital importance to England, and succeeds in reaching the British lines. Swearing allegiance to England, Guy is given a commission in the British Royal Air Force. Fearing the consequences, Dr. Zolhoff orders Pedlar Zor, a famous German spy, to get rid of Guy. Hidden in a black box, the spy is dropped from a plane behind the British lines. In the guise of a harmless half-wit Pedlar Zor succeeds in reaching Guy's quarters. Before he can carry out his mission, however, a khaki-clad figure, revolver in hand, appears upon the scene and orders him to put up his hands.

"It seems," says Pedlar Zor, turning with a malevolent grin towards Guy, "that the game is up, comrade!"

(Now read on.)

at the very outset of his service in the Air Force of his country.

Not yet could he think clearly and coherently. That would come when his first turmoil of mind had passed.

When a full forty kilometres lay between him and Le Courban, Guy shoved forward his control-stick and took the scout gliding down through the darkness, to land in a field on the outskirts of a small hamlet, the black shadow of which he had seen from the air.

Switching off, he painfully and laboriously vacated the cockpit, and donned the suit of dungarees which he had taken from the hanger at Le Courban. As he struggled into them, the shambling figure of a French peasant loomed up in the darkness in front of him.

"What is wrong, m'sieur?" inquired the man. "I heard you land. Have you engine trouble?"

"No," replied Guy. "I have been wounded—and am indeed in need of assistance—"

He lurched and would have fallen had not the peasant slid a supporting arm around him.

"Come, m'sieur," said the man, "permit me to help you to my cottage. It is but a short distance from here."

Gladly the boy availed himself of the proffered aid. The small cottage to which the man led him was but a stone's-throw away. In the spotlessly clean kitchen the peasant and his wife busied themselves bathing Guy's wound and dressing it.

But the man could not refrain from an expression of wonderment.

"Why, m'sieur," he exclaimed, "it is no bullet wound but a knife thrust!"

"Yes," assented the boy through tightly compressed lips.

No further explanation did he give. He would not lie, and to tell the truth was impossible.

The peasant, however, was not satisfied. It was no business of his, of course. But a knife wound—

"M'sieur is from the line?" he suggested. "A bayonet thrust, maybe—"

The inbred arrogance of the Prussians with whom he had so long associated manifested itself then in Guy Tempest.

"Be quiet!" he said sternly.

The man relapsed into silence. But his curiosity persisted.

Such a wound had not been come by in the air. That much was very obvious. And the garb of this night flier? Sleeping attire and dungarees. What was one to think of that?

However, the peasant lacked the courage to question the grim-faced pilot further. With his hands between his knees he sat on a chair by the wall watching Guy consume a bowl of soup which had been placed before him after his wound had been dressed.

At length the boy pushed back his chair and rose to his feet.

"I have no money," he said stiffly, "but I am greatly indebted to you for your kindness, and I shall see that you are repaid."

The peasant shook his head.

"It does not matter, m'sieur," he responded.

"We are only too glad to have been able to help you."

He accompanied the boy back to the machine, and swung the propeller, after having been shown how to

do so. The warm engine picked up at once with a shattering roar, and the machine commenced to move forward in the darkness.

With ever-increasing impetus it swept forward. The tail came up, and as Guy inched back the control-stick, the fast little scout bored up into the night sky in a steep, upward climb.

At five hundred feet Guy flattened out and swung the machine eastwards towards the line, climbing as he went. Already a plan of action was beginning to formulate in his mind.

There was one way and one way only in which he could prove conclusively to the British authorities that he was not the German which Pedlar Zor had attempted to make him out to be. And that was to produce evidence to the effect that Pedlar Zor's real mission at Le Courban had been to assassinate him.

Such evidence must be in existence, filed in the archives of the German Intelligence Bureau in the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin.

It was up to Guy Tempest to get it. And as he thundered on towards the line, a lone boy without either friends or country, he conned over in his mind how best he could set about what he fully realised must prove a perilous and an almost impossible task.

Guy was soon over the German lines, and looking down he noted signs of great activity below. Long, grey columns of marching men were moving westwards along thin ribbons of road-way, and with them went slow-moving lorries and heavy tractor-drawn guns.

Crouched over his controls, Guy raised his eyes and scanned the lightening sky outboards and ahead. Already he could see the far-distant slopes of the Vosges mountains. But he was well in the danger area, for his scout bore the red, white, and blue circles painted on all Allied machines, and should he encounter any German aeroplanes out on a dawn offensive patrol he would be attacked on sight.

Guy's machine was running into the blue sky and brilliant sun of early morning when something gleamed silver in the sky above.

He had barely time to glimpse a white Fokker with the German Iron Cross painted in black on wings and fuselage, before it was thundering down on him with synchronised gun aflame. So sudden had come this savage attack, literally from out of the blue, that Guy had only time to throw his scout into a dive.

With engine thundering at full revolutions he tore earthwards. Then back came the stick, and the Sopwythe scout went soaring up and up into the sky of early morning.

Grimly the Fokker followed, and, glancing outboards, Guy saw the fabric of his lower starboard plane riven as though by an invisible axe. At the very apex of his loop he pulled the stick hard across and kicked on the rudder.

The scarlet scout rolled on to an even keel, and, wheeling with the deadly swiftness of a hawk, tore in at the Fokker, synchronised gun belching lurid flame.

Whipping forward his control-stick, the German dived, passing right beneath the undercarriage of the oncoming, hurtling scout. Before Guy could turn, the Fokker was zooming up in an almost perpendicular climb. Half a loop it completed, and, in that instant, when its undercarriage wheels were pointing up into the blue, the pilot pulled his stick across. Rolling, he roared down on the Sopwythe scout, the

staccato rattle of exploding cartridges audible above the thunder of engine and the scream of wind through flying wires and struts.

Pulling a whirlwind wing turn, Guy threw his machine into a steep, zig-zag dive, swinging wildly to evade the death which was thundering down on his tail.

So far the fight had been all the German's. He was harrying Guy to the utmost, forcing him to adopt the defensive, and striving desperately to give him no opening for attack.

Who the man was Guy did not know, but whoever he was, he was a first-class fighting pilot with a brilliant control of his machine.

Determined at any cost to carry the fight back to him, Guy yanked back the control-stick and again soared steeply in an almost perpendicular zoom. Then pulling a perfect Immelmann turn, he thundered down on the Fokker with gun aflame.

Above the roar of his engine sounded the snarl of the spitting gun, and hot flame licked back beyond the cockpit windshield. The German pilot brought the nose of the Fokker up to meet the attack, then suddenly he stalled and fell away into a spin, his engine almost silent.

Guy's fingers released their grip on the trigger of the synchronised gun, and, holding his fire, he commenced to follow the spinning machine earthwards.

Without warning, the Fokker engine suddenly opened up with a deep-throated roar, and, whirling out of the spin, the German tore in at Guy, his gun vomiting blood-red flame.

It was a gallant manoeuvre which might have found success in the very swiftness with which it was executed.

But Guy Tempest, veteran of a hundred fights, was not so easily taken unaware.

What advantage of height there was lay to him, and, as the nose of his machine dropped slightly to meet the attack, his gun roared into life. There was a mirthless smile on the livid lips of the pale-faced boy, for he knew that his every bullet was whanging into the cockpit of the oncoming Fokker.

He had got his man—he knew it!

So did the pilot of the Fokker, for his face was grey with fear of the death which was so near. Frenziedly he kicked on rudder, pulling his machine round in a sharp wing turn. And, as he did so, the bullets from the synchronised gun of the scarlet scout raked him from engine cowling to tail planes. He half leapt to his feet, gloved hands clutching at his throat.

Then, as the machine dropped away into the death

spin, he collapsed, a limp and huddled heap over his controls.

The next moment and Guy was diving down to land within a quarter of a mile of the spot where the Fokker had crashed heavily.

Swinging himself stiffly to the ground, the boy walked quickly towards where the Fokker had crashed. The pilot of the ill-fated machine had been thrown clear, and was lying a limp and huddled heap some little distance from the wreckage.

He was quite dead, and for a moment Guy stood looking down at the white, upturned face. Then, stooping, he took the man's papers from the pocket of his field-grey tunic, and, straightening up, glanced rapidly through them.

They gave the dead pilot's identity as the Leutnant Gerhard Zwolfe, attached to No. 15 Squadron of the German Air Force.

Once more the boy took careful stock of the surrounding country, then rapidly he set to work.

Ten minutes later he stood clad in the close-fitting, high-necked uniform of the Leutnant Zwolfe.

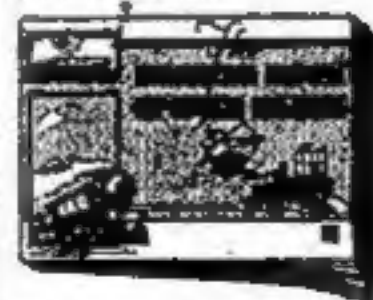
Retracing his steps to his machine, he took the Vey pistol from its rack and deliberately fired it into the cockpit. The thick magnesium cartridge burst into flame.

Within a few moments the little scarlet Sopwythe scout was burning furiously, blood-red flames surmounted by a heavy, drifting pall of dense, black smoke, leaping high into the air.

(A cute move on Guy's part, what say you, chums? But this brave Britisher's not out of the wood yet. Be sure to read the thrilling follow-up of this powerful War story which will appear in next week's MAGNET.)



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THE HAND OF THE MANDARIN!

(Continued from page 24.)

"You might sink the sampan—"
"Beast!"

The juniors and Ferrers Locke embarked on the sampan, and the English-speaking Malay poled ashore. Locke left them, with leave to walk about the town for a couple of hours. The sights and sounds of Penang were interesting enough to the Greyfriars fellows; the tropical vegetation, the gorgeous flowers, the crowds of Chinese, Tamils, Malays, and Arabs.

What interested Bunter most was the sight of fruits growing in abundance—coconuts, oranges, bananas, all sorts of luscious things that made his capacious mouth water.

"I say, you fellows, hold on!" called out Bunter, as the party strolled along a shady road outside the town. "I say, look at those bananas!"

Great bunches of bananas were overhanging a low wall. Bunter gazed up at them.

"What's the good of looking at them, fathead?" asked Bob. "We can't touch them."

"Rot!" answered Bunter. "Which of you fellows is going to climb up and bag some of those bananas for me?"

"The whichfulness is terrific!"

"Come on, ass!" said Bob. "You mustn't poach bananas! You can buy all you want in the town."

"I don't believe in wasting money," answered Bunter. "Look here, one of you climb up—"

"Fathead!"

"I say, you fellows, don't go on!" roared Bunter, as the juniors sauntered onward. "Wait for me! I'm going to have some of those bananas!"

"Ass! Come on!"

"Yah!"

Bunter did not come on. Climbing for the bananas did not appeal to him; but he evolved the bright idea of knocking down a cluster with a stone. He

blinked about for a stone, found a large round one, and took aim at a cluster.

Whiz!

Bunter was no bowler. The stone missed the bananas by a couple of yards. But every bullet has a billet! The stone dropped inside the low wall, and a loud and infuriated yell followed. Apparently it had dropped on the owner of the bananas.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

A face appeared over the wall—a yellow face under an immense Chinese hat. Two slanting eyes glared at Bunter. A volley of Chinese was hurled at the Owl of the Remove. Then the Chinaman leaped over the low wall and ran at Bunter.

He was an industrious Chinese market gardener, and he had been weeding when the stone had dropped in the small of his back; and perhaps it was natural that he should be annoyed. He had a big, thick bamboo in his hand, and Bunter did not need telling what he intended to do with the bamboo.

"I say, you fellows—" yelled Bunter. "Help!"

He dashed after the juniors at top speed.

After him rushed the enraged gardener.

"Yoop! Whoop! Help! Murder! Fire!" roared Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked back.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"That's idiot's in trouble again. Put it on Bunter!"

"Yaroooooh!"

Whack!

Bunter put it on; but the Chinaman gained. The bamboo came down across Bunter's back with a terrific swipe. The yell that followed could almost have been heard at Singapore.

"Whoooooop! Save me! Help!"

Bunter reached the juniors and dodged behind them. The Chinaman came panting up, brandishing the bamboo.

"Keep him off!" yelled Bunter.

"Oh crikey! Help! I say, you fellows—"

"You fat chump!"

Harry Wharton hastily drew a silver dollar from his pocket, and held it up. Peace was restored immediately. The bamboo was lowered; the Chinaman smiled; the silver dollar changed hands; and the market-gardener went back to his garden.

Bunter leaned on the wall and panted.

"Oh dear! Oh crumbs! Oh crikey! I—I say, you fellows, do you think he was a Chinese pirate? Or a tong? What?"

"You silly ass, he's a gardener; and if you try to pinch any more bananas from—"

"Ow! Here he comes again! Keep him off!" yelled Bunter.

The Chinaman was coming back. He had a large cluster of bananas in his hand. With a bow and a smile he presented it to the juniors. Then, with another bow, he departed, this time for good.

"Well, my hat!" said Wharton, staring after the Chinaman, and then at the big bunch of bananas in his hand. "This is Chinese politeness, I suppose! Here, you fat villain, tuck in and shut up!"

And Bunter tucked in and shut up—so long as the bananas lasted!

Penang dropped behind the Silver Star as she steamed down the Malacca Strait for Singapore. The Greyfriars party were wondering whether, after all, they were done with the Mandarin Tang Wang, and were to be left in peace for the rest of the voyage to China. But they were to learn at Singapore that the mandarin had not forgotten them.

THE END.

(Now look out for the next thrilling yarn in this novel newspaper entitled: "THE TERROR OF THE TONG!" It is the best treat you've ever had, chums, so make sure of your copy by ordering it WELL IN ADVANCE!)

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